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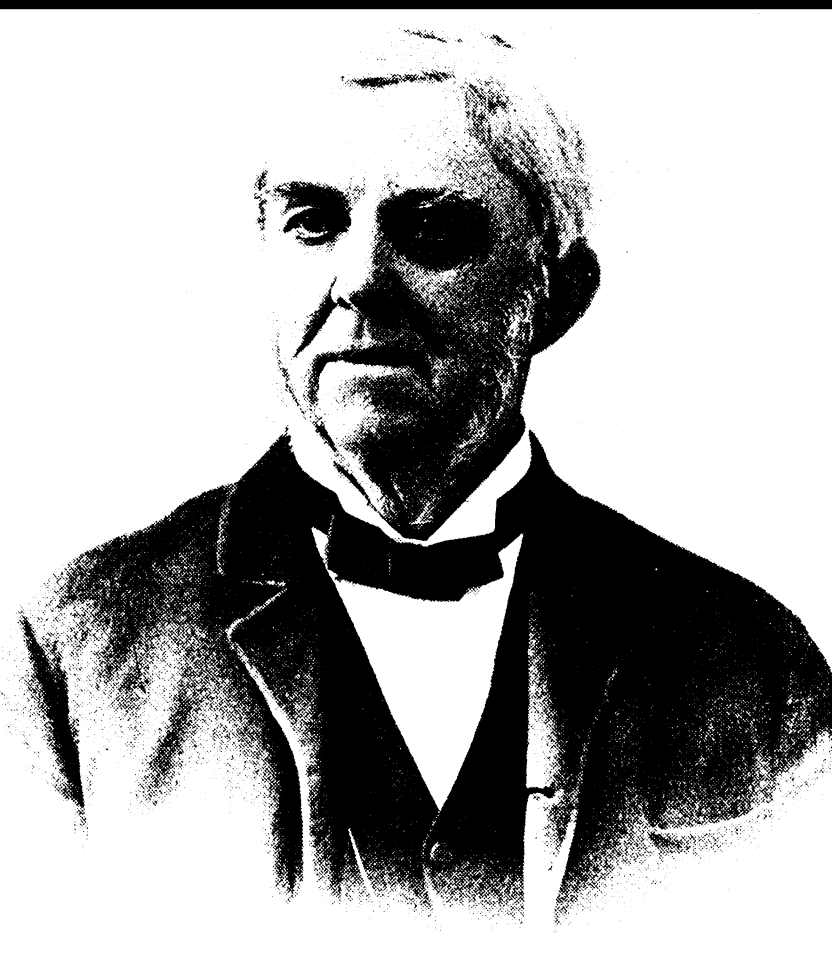
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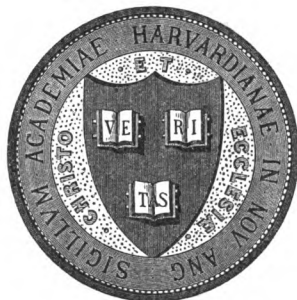
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poems ; My hunt after the ...*

Oliver Wendell Holmes

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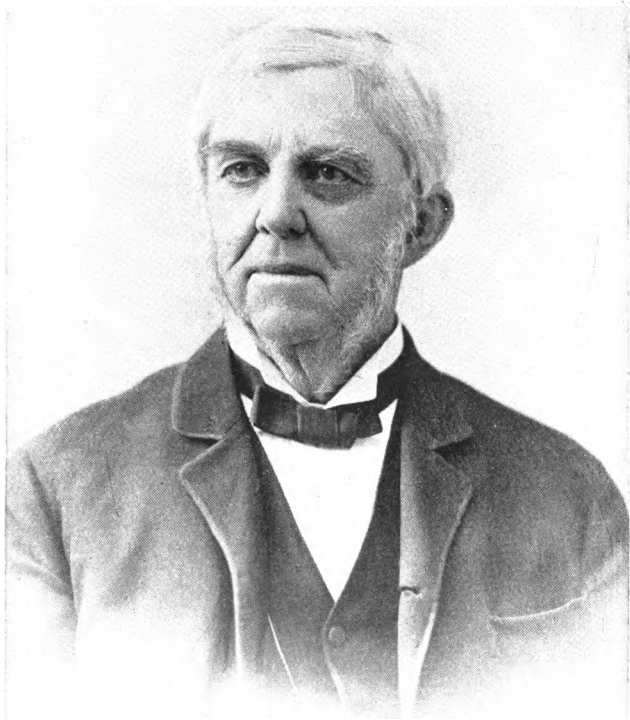
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AND OTHER POEMS**

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AND OTHER PAPERS**

BY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

***WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY AND NOTES***



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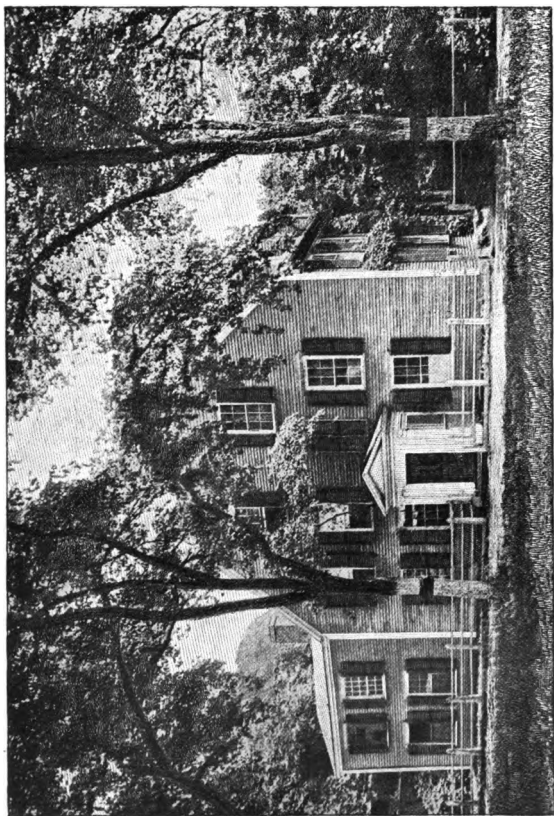
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH AND NOTES

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HOLMES'S BIRTHPLACE
The Gambrel Roofed House, Cambridge

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809. The house in which he was born stood between the sites now occupied by the Hemenway Gymnasium and the Law School of Harvard University, and was of historic interest as having been the headquarters of General Artemas Ward, and of the Committee of Safety in the days just before the Revolution. Upon the steps of the house stood President Langdon, of Harvard College, tradition says, and prayed for the men who, halting there a few moments, marched forward under Colonel Prescott's lead to throw up intrenchments on Bunker Hill on the night of June 16, 1775. Dr. Holmes's father carried forward the traditions of the old house, for he was Rev. Dr. Abiel Holmes, whose *American Annals* was the first careful record of American history written after the Revolution.

Born and bred in the midst of historic associations, Holmes had from the first a lively interest in American history and politics, and though possessed of strong humorous gifts often turned his song into patriotic channels, while the current of his literary life was distinctly American.

He began to write poetry when in college at Cambridge, and some of his best-known early pieces, like *Evening, by a Tailor*, *The Meeting of the Dryads*, *The Spectre Pig*, were contributed to the *Collegian*, an undergraduate journal, while he was studying law the year after his graduation. At the

same time he wrote the well-known poem *Old Ironsides*, a protest against the proposed breaking up of the frigate *Constitution*; the poem was printed in the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, and its indignation and fervor carried it through the country, and raised such a popular feeling that the ship was saved from an ignominious destruction. Holmes shortly gave up the study of law, went abroad to study medicine, and returned to take his degree at Harvard in 1836. At the same time he delivered a poem, *Poetry: a Metrical Essay*, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard, and ever afterward his profession of medicine and his love of literature received his united care and thought. In 1838 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth College, but remained there only a year or two, when he returned to Boston, married, and practised medicine. In 1847 he was made Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical School of Harvard College, a position which he retained until the close of 1882, when he retired, to devote himself more exclusively to literature.

In 1857, when the *Atlantic Monthly* was established, Professor Lowell, who was asked to be editor, consented on condition that Dr. Holmes should be a regular contributor. Dr. Holmes at that time was known as the author of a number of poems of grace, life, and wit, and he had published several professional papers and books, but his brilliancy as a talker gave him a strong local reputation, and Lowell shrewdly guessed that he would bring to the new magazine a singularly fresh and unusual power. He was right, for *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, beginning in the first number, unquestionably insured the *Atlantic* its early success. The readers of the day had forgotten that Holmes, twenty-five years before, had begun a series with the same title in Buckingham's *New England Magazine*, a periodical of short life, so they did not at first understand why he should begin his first article, "I was just going to say when

I was interrupted." From that time Dr. Holmes was a frequent contributor to the magazine, and in it appeared successively, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, *The Professor's Story* (afterward called *Elsie Venner*), *The Guardian Angel*, *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table*, *The New Portfolio* (afterward called *A Mortal Antipathy*), *Our Hundred Days in Europe*, and *Over the Teacups*, — prose papers and stories with occasional insertion of verse; here also were first printed the many poems which he wrote so freely and so happily for festivals and public occasions, including the frequent poems at the yearly meetings of his college class. The wit and humor which have made his poetry so well known would never have given him his high rank had they not been associated with an admirable art which makes every word necessary and felicitous, and a generous nature which is quick to seize upon what touches a common life.

Dr. Holmes died at his home in Boston October 7, 1894. His life has been written by his wife's nephew, John T. Morse, Jr., and is published under the title *Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes*.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER HILL BATTLE.

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELFRY.

[This poem was first published in 1875, in connection with the centenary of the battle of Bunker Hill. The belfry could hardly have been that of Christ Church, since tradition says that General Gage was stationed there watching the battle, and we may make it to be what was known as the New Brick Church, built in 1721, on Hanover, corner of Richmond Street, Boston, rebuilt of stone in 1845, and pulled down at the widening of Hanover Street in 1871. There are many narratives of the battle of Bunker Hill. Frothingham's *History of the Siege of Boston* is one of the most comprehensive accounts, and has furnished material for many popular narratives. The centennial celebration of the battle called out magazine and newspaper articles, which give the story with little variation. There are not many disputed points in connection with the event, the principal one being the discussion as to who was the chief officer.]

"T IS like stirring living embers when, at eighty, one
remembers
All the achings and the quakings of "the times that
tried men's souls ;"

2. In December, 1776, Thomas Paine, whose *Common Sense* had so remarkable a popularity as the first homely expression of public opinion on Independence, began issuing a series of tracts called *The Crisis*, eighteen numbers of which appeared. The familiar words quoted by the grandmother must often have been

When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when I tell the *Rebel*
story,
To you the words are ashes, but to me they're burn-
ing coals.

I had heard the muskets' rattle of the April running
battle ;
Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red coats
still ;
But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms up
before me,
When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of
Bunker's Hill.

heard and used by her. They begin the first number of *The Crisis* : "These are the times that try men's souls : the summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country ; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman."

3. The terms *Whig* and *Tory* were applied to the two parties in England who represented, respectively, the Whigs political and religious liberty, the Tories royal prerogative and ecclesiastical authority. The names first came into use in 1679 in the struggles at the close of Charles II.'s reign, and continued in use until a generation or so ago, when they gave place to somewhat corresponding terms of Liberal and Conservative. At the breaking out of the war for Independence, the Whigs in England opposed the measures taken by the crown in the management of the American colonies, while the Tories supported the crown. The names were naturally applied in America to the patriotic party, who were termed Whigs, and the loyalist party, termed Tories. The Tories in turn called the patriots rebels.

5. The Lexington and Concord affair of April 19, 1775, when Lord Percy's soldiers retreated in a disorderly manner to Charlestown, annoyed on the way by the Americans who followed and accompanied them.

"T was a peaceful summer's morning, when the first
thing gave us warning

Was the booming of the cannon from the river and
the shore : 10

"Child," says grandma, "what's the matter, what is
all this noise and clatter ?

Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder us
once more ? "

Poor old soul ! my sides were shaking in the midst of
all my quaking,

To hear her talk of Indians when the guns began to
roar :

She had seen the burning village, and the slaughter
and the pillage, 15

When the Mohawks killed her father with their bul-
lets through his door.

Then I said, "Now, dear old granny, don't you fret
and worry any,

For I'll soon come back and tell you whether this is
work or play ;

There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone a
minute " —

For a minute then I started. I was gone the livelong
day. 20

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-glass grima-
cing ;

16. The Mohawks, a formidable part of the Six Nations, were held in great dread, as they were the most cruel and warlike of all the tribes. In connection with the French they fell upon the frontier settlements during Queen Anne's war, early in the eighteenth century, and committed terrible deeds, long remembered in New England households.

Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling half-way
to my heels ;
God forbid your ever knowing, when there 's blood
around her flowing,
How the lonely, helpless daughter of a quiet house-
hold feels !

In the street I heard a thumping ; and I knew it was
the stumping 25
Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on the wooden leg
he wore,
With a knot of women round him, — it was lucky I
had found him,
So I followed with the others, and the Corporal
marched before.

They were making for the steeple, — the old soldier
and his people ;
The pigeons circled round us as we climbed the creak-
ing stair, 30
Just across the narrow river — Oh, so close it made
me shiver ! —
Stood a fortress on the hill-top that but yesterday was
bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it ; well we knew who stood
behind it,
Though the earthwork hid them from us, and the stub-
born walls were dumb :
Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking wild upon
each other, 35
And their lips were white with terror as they said,
THE HOUR HAS COME !

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel had we
tasted,
And our heads were almost splitting with the cannons'
deafening thrill,
When a figure tall and stately round the rampart
strode sedately ;
It was PRESCOTT, one since told me ; he commanded
on the hill. 40

Every woman's heart grew bigger when we saw his
manly figure,
With the banyan buckled round it, standing up so
straight and tall ;
Like a gentleman of leisure who is strolling out for
pleasure,
Through the storm of shells and cannon-shot he
walked around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for the red-coats'
ranks were forming ; 45
At noon in marching order they were moving to the
piers ;
How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we looked
far down, and listened
To the trampling and the drum-beat of the belted
grenadiers !

40. Colonel William Prescott, who commanded the detachment which marched from Cambridge, June 16, 1775, to fortify Breed's Hill, was the grandfather of William Hickling Prescott, the historian. He was in the field during the entire battle of the 17th, in command of the redoubt.

42. *Banyan* — a flowered morning gown which Prescott is said to have worn during the hot day, a good illustration of the un-military appearance of the soldiers engaged. His nonchalant walk upon the parapets is also a historic fact, and was for the encouragement of the troops within the redoubt.

At length the men have started, with a cheer (it
seemed faint-hearted),
In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks on
their backs, 50
And the reddening, rippling water, as after a sea-
fight's slaughter,
Round the barges gliding onward blushed like blood
along their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and again they
formed in order ;
And the boats came back for soldiers, came for sol-
diers, soldiers still :
The time seemed everlasting to us women faint and
fasting, — 55
At last they're moving, marching, marching proudly
up the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all along the
lines advancing —
Now the front rank fires a volley — they have thrown
away their shot ;
For behind their earthwork lying, all the balls above
them flying,
Our people need not hurry ; so they wait and answer
not. 60

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he would swear
sometimes and tittle), —
He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old French
war) before, —

62. Many of the officers as well as men on the American side
had become familiarized with service through the old French
war, which came to an end in 1763.

Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were
 hearing, —
 And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty bel-
 fry floor : —

“ Oh ! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George’s
 shillin’s, 65
 But ye’ll waste a ton of powder afore a ‘ rebel ’ falls ;
 You may bang the dirt and welcome, they’re as safe
 as Dan’l Malcolm
 Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you’ve splin-
 tered with your balls ! ”

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and trepidation
 Of the dread approaching moment, we are well-nigh
 breathless all ; 70
 Though the rotten bars are failing on the rickety bel-
 fry railing,
 We are crowding up against them like the waves
 against a wall.

67. Dr. Holmes makes the following note to this line : “ The following epitaph is still to be read on a tall gravestone, standing as yet undisturbed among the transplanted monuments of the dead in Copp’s Hill Burial Ground, one of the three city [Boston] cemeteries which have been desecrated and ruined within my own remembrance : —

“ Here lies buried in a
 Stone Grave 10 feet deep
 Capt. DANIEL MALCOLM Merchant
 Who departed this Life
 October 23, 1769,
 Aged 44 years,
 A true son of Liberty,
 A Friend to the Publick,
 An Enemy to oppression,
 And one of the foremost
 In opposing the Revenue Acts
 On America. ”

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are nearer,
— nearer, — nearer,

When a flash—a curling smoke-wreath—then a
crash—the steeple shakes—

The deadly truce is ended; the tempest's shroud is
rended; 75

Like a morning mist it gathered, like a thunder-cloud
it breaks!

O the sight our eyes discover as the blue-black smoke
blows over!

The red-coats stretched in windrows as a mower rakes
his hay;

Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a headlong crowd
is flying

Like a billow that has broken and is shivered into
spray. 80

Then we cried, "The troops are routed! they are
beat—it can't be doubted!

God be thanked, the fight is over!"—Ah! the grim
old soldier's smile!

"Tell us, tell us why you look so?" (we could hardly
speak we shook so),—

"Are they beaten? *Are* they beaten? **ARE** they
beaten?"—"Wait a while."

O the trembling and the terror! for too soon we saw
our error: 85

They are baffled, not defeated; we have driven them
back in vain;

And the columns that were scattered, round the colors
that were tattered,

Toward the sullen silent fortress turn their belted
breasts again.

All at once, as we were gazing, lo ! the roofs of Charles-
town blazing !

They have fired the harmless village ; in an hour it
will be down ! 90

The Lord in Heaven confound them, rain his fire and
brimstone round them, —

The robbing, murdering red-coats, that would burn a
peaceful town !

They are marching, stern and solemn ; we can see
each massive column

As they near the naked earth-mound with the slanting
walls so steep.

Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in noiseless
haste departed ? 95

Are they panic-struck and helpless ? Are they palsied
or asleep ?

Now ! the walls they 're almost under ! scarce a rod
the foes asunder !

Not a firelock flashed against them ! up the earthwork
they will swarm !

But the words have scarce been spoken when the
ominous calm is broken,

And a bellowing crash has emptied all the vengeance
of the storm ! 100

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted backwards
to the water,

Fly Pigot's running heroes and the frightened braves
of Howe ;

102. The generals on the British side were Howe, Clinton,
and Pigot.

And we shout, "At last they're done for, it's their barges they have run for :
They are beaten, beaten, beaten ; and the battle's over now !"

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on the rough
old soldier's features, 108
Our lips afraid to question, but he knew what we
would ask :
"Not sure," he said ; "keep quiet, — once more, I
guess, they'll try it —
Here's damnation to the cut-throats !" — then he
handed me his flask,

Saying, "Gal, you're looking shaky ; have a drop of
Old Jamaiky ;
I'm afeard there'll be more trouble afore the job is
done ;" 110
So I took one scorching swallow ; dreadful faint I felt
and hollow,
Standing there from early morning when the firing
was begun.

All through those hours of trial I had watched a calm
clock dial,
As the hands kept creeping, creeping, — they were
creeping round to four,
When the old man said, "They're forming with their
bagonets fixed for storming : 118
It's the death-grip that's a coming, — they will try
the works once more."

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames behind them
glaring,

The deadly wall before them, in close array they
come ;
Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon's fold un-
coiling, —
Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the reverberating
drum ! 129

Over heaps all torn and gory — shall I tell the fearful
story,
How they surged above the breastwork, as a sea
breaks over a deck ;
How, driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-out men
retreated,
With their powder-horns all emptied, like the swim-
mers from a wreck ?

It has all been told and painted ; as for me, they say
I fainted, 125
And the wooden-legged old Corporal stumped with
me down the stair :
When I woke from dreams affrighted the evening
lamps were lighted, —
On the floor a youth was lying ; his bleeding breast
was bare.

And I heard through all the flurry, "Send for WAR-
REN! hurry! hurry!"
Tell him here's a soldier bleeding, and he'll come
and dress his wound ! " 130
Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its tale of death
and sorrow,

129. Dr. Joseph Warren, of equal note at the time as a medi-
cal man and a patriot. He was a volunteer in the battle, and
fell there, the most serious loss on the American side.

How the starlight found him stiffened on the dark
and bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was, where the
place from which he came was,
Who had brought him from the battle, and had left
him at our door,
He could not speak to tell us; but 't was one of our
brave fellows, 135
As the homespun plainly showed us which the dying
soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as they gathered
round him crying, —
And they said, "Oh, how they 'll miss him!" and,
"What *will* his mother do?"
Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child's that has
been dozing,
He faintly murmured, "Mother!" — and — I saw
his eyes were blue. 140

— "Why grandma, how you 're winking!" — Ah, my
child, it sets me thinking
Of a story not like this one. Well, he somehow lived
along;
So we came to know each other, and I nursed him like
a — mother,
Till at last he stood before me, tall, and rosy-cheeked,
and strong.

And we sometimes walked together in the pleasant
summer weather; 145
— "Please to tell us what his name was?" — Just
your own, my little dear,

There's his picture Copley painted: we became so
 well acquainted,
 That, — in short, that's why I'm grandma, and
 you children are all here!"

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

DEDICATED BY A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE COLLEGIAN, 1830, TO
 THE EDITORS OF THE HARVARD ADVOCATE, 1876.

'T WAS on the famous trotting-ground,
 The betting men were gathered round
 From far and near; the "cracks" were there
 Whose deeds the sporting prints declare:
 5 The swift g. m., Old Hiram's nag,
 The fleet s. h., Dan Pfeiffer's brag,
 With these a third — and who is he
 That stands beside his fast b. g.?
 Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name
 10 So fills the nasal trump of fame.
 There too stood many a noted steed
 Of Messenger and Morgan breed;
 Green horses also, not a few;
 Unknown as yet what they could do;
 15 And all the hacks that know so well
 The scourgings of the Sunday swell.

Blue are the skies of opening day;
 The bordering turf is green with May;

147. John Singleton Copley was a portrait painter of celebrity, who was born in America in 1737, and painted many famous portraits, which hang in private and public galleries in Boston and vicinity chiefly. He lived in England the latter half of his life, dying there in 1815.

5. g. m. *gray mare*.

6. s. h. *sorrel horse*.

8. b. g. *bay gelding*.

The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown
20 On sorrel, chestnut, bay, and roan ;
The horses paw and prance and neigh,
Fillies and colts like kittens play,
And dance and toss their rippled manes
Shining and soft as silken skeins ;
25 Wagons and gigs are ranged about,
And fashion flaunts her gay turn-out ;
Here stands — each youthful Jehu's dream —
The jointed tandem, ticklish team !
And there in ampler breadth expand
30 The splendors of the four-in-hand ;
On faultless ties and glossy tiles
The lovely bonnets beam their smiles ;
(The style 's the man, so books avow ;
The style 's the woman, anyhow) ;
35 From flounces frothed with creamy lace
Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,
Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,
Or stares the wiry pet of Skye —
O woman, in your hours of ease
40 So shy with us, so free with these !

“ Come on ! I 'll bet you two to one
I 'll make him do it ! ” “ Will you ? Done ! ”

What was it who was bound to do ?
I did not hear and can't tell you, —
45 Pray listen till my story 's through.

Scarce noticed, back behind the rest,
By cart and wagon rudely prest,
The parson's lean and bony bay
Stood harnessed in his one-horse shay —
50 Lent to his sexton for the day ;

(A funeral — so the sexton said ;
His mother's uncle's wife was dead.)

Like Lazarus bid to Dives' feast,
So looked the poor forlorn old beast ;
His coat was rough, his tail was bare,
The gray was sprinkled in his hair ;
Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not
And yet they say he once could trot
Among the fleetest of the town,
60 Till something cracked and broke him down, —
The steed's, the statesman's, common lot !
“ And are we then so soon forgot ? ”
Ah me ! I doubt if one of you
Has ever heard the name “ Old Blue,”
65 Whose fame through all this region rung
In those old days when I was young !

“ Bring forth the horse ! ” Alas ! he showed
Not like the one Mazeppa rode ;
Scant-maned, sharp-backed, and shaky-kneed,
70 The wreck of what was once a steed,
Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints ;
Yet not without his knowing points.
The sexton laughing in his sleeve,
As if 't were all a make-believe,
75 Led forth the horse, and as he laughed
Unhitched the breeching from a shaft,
Unclassed the rusty belt beneath,
Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,
Slipped off his head-stall, set him free
80 From strap and rein, — a sight to see !

So worn, so lean in every limb,
It can't be they are saddling him !

It is ! his back the pig-skin strides
And flaps his lank, rheumatic sides ;
85 With look of mingled scorn and mirth
They buckle round the saddle-girth ;
With horsey wink and saucy toss
A youngster throws his leg across,
And so, his rider on his back,
90 They lead him, limping, to the track,
Far up behind the starting-point,
To limber out each stiffened joint.

As through the jeering crowd he past,
One pitying look old Hiram cast ;
85 " Go it, ye cripple, while ye can ! "
Cried out unsentimental Dan ;
" A Fast-Day dinner for the crows ! "
Budd Doble's scoffing shout arose.

Slowly, as when the walking-beam
100 First feels the gathering head of steam,
With warning cough and threatening wheeze
The stiff old charger crooks his knees ;
At first with cautious step sedate,
As if he dragged a coach of state ;
105 He 's not a colt ; he knows full well
That time is weight and sure to tell ;
No horse so sturdy but he fears
The handicap of twenty years.

As through the throng on either hand
110 The old horse nears the judges' stand,
Beneath his jockey's feather-weight
He warms a little to his gait,
And now and then a step is tried
That hints of something like a stride.

- 115 "Go!" — Through his ear the summons stung
As if a battle-trump had rung;
The slumbering instincts long unstirred
Start at the old familiar word;
It thrills like flame through every limb —
120 What mean his twenty years to him?
The savage blow his driver dealt
Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt;
The spur that pricked his staring hide
Unheeded tore his bleeding side;
125 Alike to him are spur and rein, —
He steps a five-year-old again!

- Before the quarter pole was past,
Old Hiram said, "He's going fast."
Long ere the quarter was a half,
130 The chuckling crowd had ceased to laugh;
Tighter his frightened jockey clung
As in a mighty stride he swung,
The gravel flying in his track,
His neck stretched out, his ears laid back,
135 His tail extended all the while
Behind him like a rat-tail file!
Off went a shoe, — away it spun,
Shot like a bullet from a gun;
The quaking jockey shapes a prayer
140 From scraps of oaths he used to swear;
He drops his whip, he drops his rein,
He clutches fiercely for a mane;
He'll lose his hold — he sways and reels —
He'll slide beneath those trampling heels!
145 The knees of many a horseman quake,
The flowers on many a bonnet shake,

And shouts arise from left and right,

"Stick on! Stick on!" "Hould tight! Hould tight!"

"Cling round his neck and don't let go —

150 That pace can't hold — there! steady! whoa!"

But like the sable steed that bore

The spectral lover of Lenore,

His nostrils snorting foam and fire,

No stretch his bony limbs can tire;

155 And now the stand he rushes by,

And "Stop him! — stop him!" is the cry.

Stand back! he's only just begun —

He's having out three heats in one!

"Don't rush in front! he'll smash your brains;

160 But follow up and grab the reins!"

Old Hiram spoke. Dan Pfeiffer heard,

And sprang impatient at the word;

Budd Doble started on his bay,

Old Hiram followed on his gray,

165 And off they spring, and round they go,

The fast ones doing "all they know."

Look! twice they follow at his heels,

As round the circling course he wheels,

And whirls with him that clinging boy

170 Like Hector round the walls of Troy;

Still on, and on, the third time round!

They're tailing off! they're losing ground!

Budd Doble's nag begins to fail!

Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail!

175 And see! in spite of whip and shout,

Old Hiram's mare is giving out!

Now for the finish! at the turn,

The old horse — all the rest astern —

Comes swinging in, with easy trot ;
180 By Jove ! he 's distanced all the lot !
That trot no mortal could explain ;
Some said, " Old Dutchman come again ! "
Some took his time, — at least they tried,
But what it was could none decide ;
185 One said he could n't understand
What happened to his second-hand ;
One said 2.10 ; *that* could n't be —
More like two twenty two or three ;
Old Hiram settled it at last ;
190 " The time was two — too dee-vel-ish fast ! "

The parson's horse had won the bet ;
It cost him something of a sweat ;
Back in the one-horse shay he went ;
The parson wondered what it meant,
195 And murmured, with a mild surprise
And pleasant twinkle of the eyes,
" That funeral must have been a trick,
Or corpses drive at double-quick ;
I should n't wonder, I declare,
200 If brother — Jehu — made the prayer ! "

And this is all I have to say
About that tough old trotting bay.
Huddup ! Huddup ! G'lang ! — Good-day !

Moral for which this tale is told :
205 A horse *can* trot, for all he 's old.

AN APPEAL FOR "THE OLD SOUTH."¹

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall."

FULL sevenscore years our city's pride —
The comely Southern spire —
Has cast its shadow and defied
The storm, the foe, the fire ;
Sad is the sight our eyes behold ;
Woe to the three-hilled town,
When through the land the tale is told —
"The brave 'Old South' is down !"

Let darkness blot the starless dawn
10 That hears our children tell,
"Here rose the walls, now wrecked and gone,
Our fathers loved so well ;

¹ The Old South Meeting-house, an historic landmark of Boston, standing at the corner of Washington and Milk Streets, was built in the year 1730 ; it is the oldest church in the city, and perhaps the most noted in the United States ; in 1775 the British soldiers occupied it as a riding-school and place for cavalry drill, and established a grog-shop in the lower gallery.

In 1876 the Old South Society sold the structure, to be torn down and replaced by other buildings ; but certain Bostonians, unwilling to have this done, bought the building and the land on which it stands, for about \$430,000, with the intention of handing the property over to the Preservation Committee as soon as this amount should be secured. This poem is one of the many efforts that have been made to prevent the destruction of "The Old South."

The church now contains curious historic relics ; it is open daily, and the entrance fee (25 cents) goes towards the Preservation Fund.

6. Beacon Hill ; Copp's Hill ; Fort Hill (now removed).

Here, while his brethren stood aloof,
The herald's blast was blown
15 That shook St. Stephen's pillared roof
And rocked King George's throne!

"The home-bound wanderer of the main
Looked from his deck afar,
To where the gilded, glittering vane
20 Shone like the evening star,
And pilgrim feet from every clime
The floor with reverence trod,
Where holy memories made sublime
The shrine of Freedom's God!"

25 The darkened skies, alas! have seen
Our monarch tree laid low,
And spread in ruins o'er the green,
But Nature struck the blow;
No scheming thrift its downfall planned,
30 It felt no edge of steel,
No soulless hireling raised his hand
The deadly stroke to deal.

In bridal garlands, pale and mute,
Still pleads the storied tower;
35 These are the blossoms, but the fruit
Awaits the golden shower;

15. At the time of the Revolution the meetings of Parliament were held in St. Stephen's Hall.

26. "The Old Elm" on Boston Common was, so far as known, the oldest tree in New England; in 1860 nearly 200 rings were counted on a branch that was broken off by a gale. The tree was blown down in 1876.

The spire still greets the morning sun, —
Say, shall it stand or fall?
Help, ere the spoiler has begun!
40 Help, each, and God help all!

A BALLAD OF THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.¹

No! never such a draught was poured
Since Hebe served with nectar
The bright Olympians and their Lord,
Her over-kind protector, —

¹ December 14, 1773. The attempt of the British government to tax the American colonies when they had no representation in Parliament had been strenuously resisted. A bill repealing all duties excepting a duty of three pence a pound on tea had been passed by Parliament. But the colonists, believing that a tax was an infringement of their rights, resolved that England should not succeed in collecting any duties whatever.

"Three tea-ships came to Boston. The master of the first which arrived was persuaded to consent to take his freight back to England. But the collector held that he could give no clearance until the imported cargo was landed and the legal duties paid. The master then applied to the governor for a pass to prevent his being stopped at the Castle. But the governor said no such pass could be legally given till a clearance had been obtained at the Custom-house. While the master was on this errand to the governor's country house at Milton the inhabitants of Boston were assembled in town-meeting at the Old South Church. When the answer was brought back, which was not till after dark, a shout was heard without, and a body of some fifty men, roughly dressed as (Mohawk) Indians, passed down Milk Street to the wharf where the tea-ships lay. The meeting at the church was immediately dissolved, and a portion of the assembly following, stood by as a guard against interruption, while the disguised party did their work. They passed up from the holds of the vessels some three hundred and fifty chests of tea, broke them open with hatchets, and poured their contents

5 Since Father Noah squeezed the grape
 And took to such behaving
 As would have shamed our grandsire ape
 Before the days of shaving, —
 No ! ne'er was mingled such a draught
 10 In palace, hall, or arbor,
 As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed
 That night in Boston Harbor !
 It kept King George so long awake
 His brain at last got addled,
 15 It made the nerves of Britain shake,
 With sevenscore millions saddled ;
 Before that bitter cup was drained,
 Amid the roar of cannon,
 The Western war-cloud's crimson stained
 20 The Thames, the Clyde, the Shannon ;
 Full many a six-foot grenadier
 The flattened grass had measured,
 And many a mother many a year
 Her tearful memories treasured ;
 25 Fast spread the tempest's darkening pall,
 The mighty realms were troubled.
 The storm broke loose, but first of all
 The Boston teapot bubbled !

An evening party, — only that,
 30 No formal invitation,
 No gold-laced coat, no stiff cravat,
 No feast in contemplation,

into the dock. The next morning all was quiet. The doers of the bold act remained unknown. The governor went to the Castle for a night. He thought of issuing a proclamation, but concluded that it would only be ridiculed. He could get no encouragement from his Council to take any measure." — *Palfrey's History of New England*.

No silk-robed dames, no fiddling band,
No flowers, no songs, no dancing, —
35 A tribe of Red men, axe in hand, —
Behold the guests advancing !
How fast the stragglers join the throng,
From stall and workshop gathered !
The lively barber skips along
40 And leaves a chin half-lathered ;
The smith has flung his hammer down, —
The horseshoe still is glowing ;
The truant tapster at the Crown
Has left a beer-cask flowing ;
45 The cooper's boys have dropped the adze,
And trot behind their master ;
Up run the tarry ship-yard lads, —
The crowd is hurrying faster, —
Out from the Millpond's purlieus gush
50 The streams of white-faced millers,
And down their slippery alleys rush
The lusty young Fort-Hillers ;
The ropewalk lends its 'prentice crew, —
The tories seize the omen :
55 " Ay, boys, you 'll soon have work to do
For England's rebel foemen,
' King Hancock,' Adams, and their gang,
That fire the mob with treason, —
When these we shoot and those we hang
60 The town will come to reason."

On — on to where the tea-ships ride !
And now their ranks are forming, —
A rush, and up the Dartmouth's side
The Mohawk band is swarming !
65 See the fierce natives ! What a glimpse
Of paint and fur and feather,

As all at once the full-grown imps
Light on the deck together !
A scarf the pigtail's secret keeps,
70 A blanket hides the breeches, —
And out the cursèd cargo leaps,
And overboard it pitches !

O woman, at the evening board
So gracious, sweet, and purring,
75 So happy while the tea is poured,
So blest while spoons are stirring,
What martyr can compare with thee,
The mother, wife, or daughter,
That night, instead of West Bohea,
80 Condemned to milk and water !

Ah, little dreams the quiet dame
Who plies with rock and spindle
The patient flax, how great a flame
Yon little spark shall kindle !
85 The lurid morning shall reveal
A fire no king can smother
Where British flint and Boston steel
Have clashed against each other !
Old charters shrivel in its track,
90 His Worship's bench has crumbled,
It climbs and clasps the union-jack,
Its blazoned pomp is humbled,
The flags go down on land and sea
Like corn before the reapers ;
95 So burned the fire that brewed the tea
That Boston served her keepers !

69. At this time, 1773, and until near the end of the century, it was the fashion to wear wigs tied in a queue (pigtail) behind.

The waves that wrought a century's wreck
Have rolled o'er whig and tory ;
The Mohawks on the Dartmouth's deck
100 Still live in song and story ;
The waters in the rebel bay
Have kept the tea-leaf savor ;
Our old North-Enders in their spray
Still taste a Hyson flavor ;
105 And Freedom's tea-cup still o'erflows
With ever fresh libations,
To cheat of slumber all her foes
And cheer the wakening nations !
1874.

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on
the tide ;
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight
and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

5 It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely
maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a sitting in the shade ;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to
say,
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the
folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
10 "I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that
folks should see ;

I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont, — and I will swim
this here.”

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the
shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moon-
light gleam ;
15 Oh there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as
soft as rain, —
But they have heard her father's step, and in he
leaps again !

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, — “ Oh, what was
that, my daughter ? ”
“ ’T was nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the
water.”
“ And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles
off so fast ? ”
20 “ It ’s nothing but a porpoise, sir, that ’s been
a-swimming past.”

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, — “ Now bring
me my harpoon !
I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow
soon.”
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-
white lamb,
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like sea-
weed on a clam.

25 Alas for those two loving ones ! she waked not
from her swoond,
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves
was drowned ;

But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their
 woe,
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids
 down below.

REFLECTIONS OF A PROUD PEDESTRIAN.

I SAW the curl of his waving lash,
 And the glance of his knowing eye,
And I knew that he thought he was cutting a dash
 As his steed went thundering by.

6 And he may ride in the rattling gig,
 Or flourish the stanhope gay,
And dream that he looks exceeding big
 To the people that walk in the way ;

But he shall think, when the night is still,
10 On the stable-boy's gathering numbers,
And the ghost of many a veteran bill
 Shall hover around his slumbers ;

The ghastly dun shall worry his sleep,
 And constables cluster around him,
15 And he shall creep from the wood-hole deep
 Where their spectre eyes have found him !

Ay ! gather your reins, and crack your thong,
 And bid your steed go faster ;
He does not know as he scrambles along,
20 That he has a fool for his master ;

And hurry away on your lonely ride,
 Nor deign from the mire to save me ;

I will paddle it stoutly at your side
With the tandem that nature gave me !

EVENING.

BY A TAILOR.

DAY hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
5 And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me ! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe !
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
10 As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

Ha ! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion ? Can it be a cabbage ?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with ;—but yet I love
thee,
15 Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren ; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air ;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
20 Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water ?
Oh no, it is that other gentle bird,

Which is the patron of our noble calling.

- 20 I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose ;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
30 And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors ;
They had an ancient goose, — it was an heirloom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
35 And it did burn me, — oh, most fearfully !

- It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
40 And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom ; — I can feel
With all around me ; — I can hail the flowers
45 That sprig earth's mantle, — and yon quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets,
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
50 Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BERKSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,
OCTOBER 4, 1849.

CLEAR the brown path, to meet his coulter's gleam !
Lo ! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sunburnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough !

- 5 First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line, along the bursting sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod ;
Still where he treads, the stubborn clods divide,
10 The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide ;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves ;
Up the steep hillside, where the laboring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain ;
15 Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way ;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
20 And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

- These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings ;
This is the page whose letters shall be seen
Changed by the sun to words of living green ;
25 This is the scholar whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men ;

These are the lines which heaven-commanded Toil
Shows on his deed, — the charter of the soil !

O gracious Mother, whose benignant breast
30 Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of time !
We stain thy flowers, — they blossom o'er the dead ;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread ;
40 O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,
Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled corn ;
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.
Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted charms
40 Steal round our hearts in thine embracing arms,
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,
And thy fond sweetness waste our strength away.

No ! by these hills, whose banners now displayed
In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed ;
45 By yon twin summits, on whose splintery crests
The tossing hemlocks hold the eagles' nests ;
By these fair plains the mountain circle screens,
And feeds with streamlets from its dark ravines, —
True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil
50 To crown with peace their own untainted soil ;
And, true to God, to freedom, to mankind,
If her chained bandogs Faction shall unbind,
These stately forms, that bending even now
Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plough,
55 Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
The same stern iron in the same right hand,
Till o'er the hills the shouts of triumph run,
The sword has rescued what the ploughshare won !

THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

A NIGHTMARE DREAM BY DAYLIGHT.

Do you know the Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea ?
Have you met with that dreadful old man ?
If you have n't been caught, you will be, you will
be ;
For catch you he must and he can.

5 He does n't hold on by your throat, by your throat,
As of old in the terrible tale ;
But he grapples you tight by the coat, by the coat,
Till its buttons and button-holes fail.

There's the charm of a snake in his eye, in his eye,
10 And a polypus-grip in his hands ;
You cannot go back, nor get by, nor get by,
If you look at the spot where he stands.

Oh, you're grabbed ! See his claw on your sleeve,
on your sleeve !

It is Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea !
15 You're a Christian, no doubt you believe, you be-
lieve :
You're a martyr, whatever you be !

— Is the breakfast-hour past ? They must wait,
they must wait,

While the coffee boils sullenly down,
While the Johnny-cake burns on the grate, on the
grate,

20 And the toast is done frightfully brown.

— Yes, your dinner will keep ; let it cool, let it cool,

And Madam may worry and fret,
And children half-starved go to school, go to school ;

He can't think of sparing you yet.

” — Hark ! the bell for the train ! “ Come along !
Come along !

For there is n't a second to lose.”

“ ALL ABOARD ! ” (He holds on.) “ Fsht ! ding-dong ! Fsht ! ding-dong ! ” —

You can follow on foot, if you choose.

’ — There's a maid with a cheek like a peach, like a peach,

” That is waiting for you in the church ; —
But he clings to your side like a leech, like a leech,
And you leave your lost bride in the lurch.

— There's a babe in a fit, — hurry quick ! hurry quick !

To the doctor's as fast as you can !

” The baby is off, while you stick, while you stick,
In the grip of the dreadful Old Man !

— I have looked on the face of the Bore, of the Bore ;

The voice of the Simple I know ;

I have welcomed the Flat at my door, at my door ;

• I have sat by the side of the Slow ;

I have walked like a lamb by the friend, by the friend,

That stuck to my skirts like a bur ;

I have borne the stale talk without end, without end,
Of the sinner whom nothing could stir :

45 But my hamstrings grow loose, and I shake, and I
shake,

At the sight of the dreadful Old Man ;
Yea, I quiver and quake, and I take, and I take
To my legs with what vigor I can !

Oh the dreadful Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea !

50 He's come back like the Wandering Jew !
He has had his cold claw upon me, upon me, —
And be sure that he'll have it on you !

DOROTHY Q.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

GRANDMOTHER'S mother : her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less ;
Girlish bust, but womanly air ;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair,
5 Lips that lover has never kissed ;
Taper fingers and slender wrist ;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade ;
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
10 Sits unmoving and broods serene.

50. An imaginary person about whom there are several legends, one of which is as follows : As the Saviour was on his way to the place of execution, overcome with the weight of the cross, he wished to rest on a stone before the house of a Jew, whom the story calls Ahasuerus, who drove him away with curses. Jesus calmly replied : "Thou shalt wander on the earth till I return."

Hold up the canvas full in view, —
Look! there's a rent the light shines through,
Dark with a century's fringe of dust, —
That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!
15 Such is the tale the lady old,
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell, —
One whose best was not over well;
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
20 Flat as a rose that has long been pressed;
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colors of red and white,
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien.

25 Look not on her with eyes of scorn, —
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
Ay! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
30 Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!
Strange is this gift that I owe to you;
35 Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring, —
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land;
Mother and sister and child and wife
40 And joy and sorrow and death and life!

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered No,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
45 And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One tenth another, to nine tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES :
50 Not the light gossamer stirs with less ;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long !
55 There were tones in the voice that whispered
then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover, — and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone, —
60 Edward's and Dorothy's — all their own, —
A goodly record for Time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago ! —
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
For the tender whisper that bade me live ?

65 It shall be a blessing, my little maid !
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame,
And gild with a rhyme your household name ;
So you shall smile on us brave and bright

70 As first you greeted the morning's light,
 And live untroubled by woes and fears
 Through a second youth of a hundred years.
 1871.

BILL AND JOE.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
 Will steal an hour from days gone by,
 The shining days when life was new,
 And all was bright with morning dew,
 5 The lusty days of long ago,
 When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
 Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
 And mine as brief appendix wear
 10 As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare ;
 To-day, old friend, remember still
 That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You 've won the great world's envied prize,
 And grand you look in people's eyes,
 15 With H O N. and L L. D.
 In big brave letters, fair to see, —
 Your fist, old fellow ! off they go ! —
 How are you, Bill ? How are you, Joe ?

You 've worn the judge's ermined robe ;
 20 You 've taught your name to half the globe ;
 You 've sung mankind a deathless strain ;
 You 've made the dead past live again ;
 The world may call you what it will,
 But you and I are Joe and Bill.

25 The chaffing young folks stare and say
“See those old buffers, bent and gray, —
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That’s what it means,” —
And shake their heads; they little know
30 The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe! —

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time’s disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes, —
35 Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind’s fickle gust,
40 That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
45 While gaping thousands come and go, —
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill; —
’T is poor old Joe’s “God bless you, Bill!”

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
50 The names that pleased our mortal ears;
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

8 No matter ; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear ;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say ?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
10 *Hic jacet* Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
5 As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
10 Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
15 Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
“ They are gone.”

The mossy marbles rest
20 On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,

And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

25 My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
30 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
35 And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here ;
40 But the old three-cornered hat
And the breeches, and all that
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
45 In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT FOR SISTER
CAROLINE.

SHE has gone, — she has left us in passion and
pride, —

Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our side !
She has torn her own star from our firmament's
glow,
And turned on her brother the face of a foe !

5 O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
We can never forget that our hearts have been
one, —

Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's name,
From the fountain of blood with the finger of
flame !

You were always too ready to fire at a touch ;
10 But we said, "She is hasty, — she does not mean
much."

We have scowled, when you uttered some turbulent
threat ;

But Friendship still whispered, "Forgive and for-
get !"

Has our love all died out ? Have its altars grown
cold ?

Has the curse come at last which the fathers fore-
told ?

15 Then Nature must teach us the strength of the
chain

That her petulant children would sever in vain.

They may fight till the buzzards are gorged with
their spoil,
Till the harvest grows black as it rots in the soil,
Till the wolves and the catamounts troop from their
caves,
20 And the shark tracks the pirate, the lord of the
waves :

In vain is the strife! When its fury is past,
Their fortunes must flow in one channel at last,
As the torrents that rush from the mountains of
snow
Roll mingled in peace through the valleys below.

25 Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky :
Man breaks not the medal, when God cuts the
die !
Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with
steel,
The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal !

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
30 There are battles with Fate that can never be won !
The star-flowering banner must never be furled,
For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world !

Go, then, our rash sister ! afar and aloof,
Run wild in the sunshine away from our roof ;
35 But when your heart aches and your feet have
grown sore,
Remember the pathway that leads to our door !
MARCH 25, 1861.

FOR THE SERVICES IN MEMORY OF ABRAHAM
LINCOLN.

CITY OF BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1865.

CHORAL: LUTHER'S "JUDGMENT HYMN."

O THOU of soul and sense and breath
The ever-present Giver,
Unto thy mighty Angel, Death,
All flesh thou dost deliver ;
5 What most we cherish we resign,
For life and death alike are thine,
Who reignest Lord forever !

Our hearts lie buried in the dust
With him so true and tender,
10 The patriot's stay, the people's trust,
The shield of the offender ;
Yet every murmuring voice is still,
As, bowing to thy sovereign will,
Our best-loved we surrender.

15 Dear Lord, with pitying eye behold
This martyr generation,
Which thou, through trials manifold,
Art showing thy salvation !
Oh, let the blood by murder spilt
20 Wash out thy stricken children's guilt
And sanctify our nation !

Be thou thy orphaned Israel's friend,
Forsake thy people never,

In One our broken Many blend,
25 That none again may sever !
Hear us, O Father, while we raise
With trembling lips our song of praise,
And bless thy name forever !

ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.¹

CELEBRATION OF THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,
FEBRUARY 22, 1856.

WELCOME to the day returning,
Dearer still as ages flow,
While the torch of Faith is burning,
Long as Freedom's altars glow !
5 See the hero whom it gave us
Slumbering on a mother's breast ;
For the arm he stretched to save us,
Be its morn forever blest !

Hear the tale of youthful glory,
10 While of Britain's rescued band
Friend and foe repeat the story,
Spread his fame o'er sea and land,
Where the red cross, proudly streaming,
Flaps above the frigate's deck,
15 Where the golden lilies, gleaming,
Star the watch-towers of Quebec.

¹ The young reader will note how the poet brings out successive events in the career of Washington, — his covering of Braddock's defeat, his service as commander-in-chief of the American army, his final triumph, his refusal of royal honors, and the noble utterances of his Farewell Address to the People of the United States.

Look ! The shadow on the dial
 Marks the hour of deadlier strife ;
 Days of terror, years of trial,
 20 Scourge a nation into life.
 Lo, the youth, become her leader !
 All her baffled tyrants yield ;
 Through his arm the Lord hath freed her ;
 Crown him on the tented field !

25 Vain is Empire's mad temptation !
 Not for him an earthly crown !
 He whose sword hath freed a nation
 Strikes the offered sceptre down.
 See the throneless Conqueror seated,
 30 Ruler by a people's choice ;
 See the Patriot's task completed ;
 Hear the Father's dying voice !

“ By the name that you inherit,
 By the sufferings you recall,
 35 Cherish the fraternal spirit ;
 Love your country first of all !
 Listen not to idle questions
 If its bands may be untied ;
 Doubt the patriot whose suggestions
 40 Strive a nation to divide ! ”

Father ! We, whose ears have tingled
 With the discord-notes of shame, —
 We, whose sires their blood have mingled
 In the battle's thunder-flame, —
 45 Gathering, while this holy morning
 Lights the land from sea to sea,
 Hear thy counsel, heed thy warning ;
 Trust us, while we honor thee !

LEXINGTON

SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
When from his couch, while his children were
sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.
6 Waving her golden veil
Over the silent dale,
Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire ;
Hushed was his parting sigh,
While from his noble eye
10 Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is spring-
ing
Calmly the first-born of glory have met ;
Hark ! the death-volley around them is ringing !
Look ! with their life-blood the young grass is
wet !
15 Faint is the feeble breath,
Murmuring low in death,
" Tell to our sons how their fathers have died ; "
Nerveless the iron hand,
Raised for its native land,
20 Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come ;
As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst roll-
ing,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.

25 Fast on the soldier's path
Darken the waves of wrath,
Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall ;
Red glares the musket's flash,
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
30 Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again ;
Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,
Reeking and panting he droops on the rein ;
35 Pale is the lip of scorn,
Voiceless the trumpet horn,
Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high ;
Many a belted breast
Low on the turf shall rest,
40 Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale ;
45 Far as the tempest thrills
Over the darkened hills,
Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
Roused by the tyrant band,
Woke all the mighty land,
50 Girded for battle, from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying !
Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,

52. Monuments have since been erected along the route of the British army, from Lexington to Concord, and back to Boston, to commemorate the first bloodshed of the Revolution on Lex-

While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his
nest.

55 Borne on her Northern pine,
Long o'er the foaming brine
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun ;
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea
60 Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won !

OLD IRONSIDES.¹

AY, tear her tattered ensign down !
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky ;

ington Green, the stand at Concord Bridge, and the numerous conflicts and incidents of the disastrous retreat, with such recognition as was possible of the persons who lost their lives on that memorable 19th of April.

¹ The famous frigate *Constitution*, launched in Boston in 1797, from the site of what is now known as Constitution Wharf. She was built to stop the depredations of Algerine corsairs upon our merchant marine. In the Mediterranean, whither she sailed in 1603, she earned for herself the name of "Old Ironsides," — a name that became famous after her brilliant record in the War of 1812.

For the circumstances that prompted this spirited poem, see page 6 of the Biographical Sketch at the beginning of this book. It is safe to say that the popular feeling awakened by it prolonged the life of Old Ironsides for half a century.

She was the first vessel admitted to the great dry dock at the Charlestown Navy Yard, which was not then (1834) completed. So thoroughly was she repaired, that scarcely a timber of her frame above the keel was retained. At the outbreak of the

5 Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar ; —
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 10 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee ;
 15 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea !

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave ;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 20 And there should be her grave ;
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale !

Civil War she was a schoolship at Annapolis, Md. December 15, 1881, her ensign was formally hauled down at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and she was put out of commission. She was then taken to Portsmouth, N. H., where she remained, housed over as a receiving-ship, till September, 1897, when she was brought to Boston for the celebration of the centenary of her launching, — October 21.

ROBINSON OF LEYDEN.¹

He sleeps not here; in hope and prayer
His wandering flock had gone before,
But he, the shepherd, might not share
Their sorrows on the wintry shore.

5 Before the Speedwell's anchor swung,
Ere yet the Mayflower's sail was spread,
While round his feet the Pilgrims clung,
The pastor spake, and thus he said:—

“Men, brethren, sisters, children dear!
10 God calls you hence from over sea;
Ye may not build by Haerlem Meer,
Nor yet along the Zuyder-Zee.

¹ John Robinson, minister of the little company of Brownists, or Separatists (see note on page 60), that fled to Amsterdam in 1608, to escape persecution in England. The little church finally settled in Leyden, but in 1620 resolved to find a home in the New World. Only a part of the company, however, could emigrate, and this part set sail in the Speedwell, sixty tons, and the Mayflower, one hundred and eighty tons. Robinson deemed it best to stay in Holland. The Speedwell was forced to put back. The Mayflower, with one hundred and two souls, persisted in prosecuting the voyage.

11. A lake whose area gradually increased for centuries through inundations from the sea, until furious hurricanes, in 1836, drove its waters to the gates of Amsterdam, and into the streets of Leyden. The people thereupon made plans to drain it. After years of preliminary work, the pumping was begun in 1848, and in 1852 the lake was dry. Its site is now a rich agricultural region.

“Ye go to bear the saving word
To tribes unnamed and shores untrod ;
15 Heed well the lessons ye have heard
From those old teachers taught of God.

“Yet think not unto them was lent
All light for all the coming days,
And Heaven’s eternal wisdom spent
20 In making straight the ancient ways ;

“The living fountain overflows
For every flock, for every lamb,
Nor heeds, though angry creeds oppose
With Luther’s dike or Calvin’s dam.”

25 He spake ; with lingering, long embrace,
With tears of love and partings fond,
They floated down the creeping Maas,
Along the isle of Ysselmond.

They passed the frowning towers of Briel,
30 The “ Hook of Holland’s ” shelf of sand,
And grated soon with lifting keel
The sullen shores of Fatherland.

No home for these ! — too well they knew
The mitred king behind the throne ; ,
35 The sails were set, the pennons flew,
And westward ho ! for worlds unknown.

And these were they who gave us birth,
The Pilgrims of the sunset wave,

30. A sandy point on the north bank of the Maas, at its junction with the North Sea.

Who won for us this virgin earth,
40 And freedom with the soil they gave.

The pastor slumbers by the Rhine, —
In alien earth the exiles lie, —
Their nameless graves our holiest shrine,
His words our noblest battle-cry !

45 Still cry them, and the world shall hear,
Ye dwellers by the storm-swept sea !
Ye *have* not built by Haerlem Meer,
Nor on the land-locked Zuyder-Zee !

THE PILGRIM'S VISION.¹

IN the hour of twilight shadows
The Pilgrim sire looked out ;
He thought of the "bloudy Salvages"
That lurked all round about,

48. Literally land-locked in the time of the Romans, for it was then a small swampy lake, connected by a river with the sea. It was enlarged to its present area (two hundred miles in circumference) by terrible inundations from the ocean, in the thirteenth century, so that now there is only a chain of islands to separate the two.

¹ The poet observes in this and other poems the distinction between the Pilgrims, who settled in Plymouth in 1620, and the Puritans, who came to Boston and vicinity in 1630. The former were Brownists, or Separatists ; that is, they believed in the separation of church and state. The latter, on the contrary, like members of the Church of England, believed that the forms of religious service should be determined by law, and that heretical beliefs and practices should be punished by the civil magistrates. They were called Puritans because they believed in purifying the church, and described as "nonconforming" because they refused allegiance to it.

5 Of Wituwamet's pictured knife
And Pecksuot's whooping shout ;
For the baby's limbs were feeble,
Though his father's arms were stout.

His home was a freezing cabin,
10 Too bare for the hungry rat,
Its roof was thatched with ragged grass,
And bald enough of that ;
The hole that served for casement
Was glazed with an ancient hat ;
15 And the ice was gently thawing
From the log whereon he sat.

Along the dreary landscape
His eyes went to and fro,
The trees all clad in icicles,
20 The streams that did not flow ;
A sudden thought flashed o'er him, —
A dream of long ago, —
He smote his leathern jerkin,
And murmured, " Even so ! "

25 " Come hither, God-be-Glorified,
And sit upon my knee,
Behold the dream unfolding,
Whereof I spake to thee
By the winter's hearth in Leyden
30 And on the stormy sea ;
True is the dream's beginning, —
So may its ending be !

25. The Puritans permitted two classes of names for their children, — proper names directly from the Bible, and names expressive of religious sentiment, as Praise-God, Live-Well, and the like.

“I saw in the naked forest
Our scattered remnant cast,
35 A screen of shivering branches
Between them and the blast ;
The snow was falling round them,
The dying fell as fast ;
I looked to see them perish,
40 When lo, the vision passed.

“Again mine eyes were opened ; —
The feeble had waxed strong,
The babes had grown to sturdy men,
The remnant was a throng ;
45 By shadowed lake and winding stream,
And all the shores along,
The howling demons quaked to hear
The Christian’s godly song.

“They slept, — the village fathers, —
50 By river, lake, and shore,
When far adown the steep of Time
The vision rose once more :
I saw along the winter snow
A spectral column pour,
55 And high above their broken ranks
A tattered flag they bore.

“Their Leader rode before them,
Of bearing calm and high,
The light of Heaven’s own kindling
60 Throned in his awful eye ;
These were a Nation’s champions
Her dread appeal to try ;
‘God for the right !’ I faltered,
And lo, the train passed by.

65 "Once more, — the strife is ended,
The solemn issue tried,
The Lord of Hosts, his mighty arm
Has helped our Israel's side ;
Gray stone and grassy hillock
70 Tell where our martyrs died,
But peaceful smiles the harvest,
And stainless flows the tide.

"A crash, as when some swollen cloud
Cracks o'er the tangled trees !
75 With side to side, and spar to spar,
Whose smoking decks are these ?
I know St. George's blood-red cross,
Thou Mistress of the Seas,
But what is she, whose streaming bars
80 Roll out before the breeze ?

"Ah, well her iron ribs are knit,
Whose thunders strive to quell
The bellowing throats, the blazing lips,
That pealed the Armada's knell !
85 The mist was cleared, — a wreath of stars
Rose o'er the crimsoned swell,
And, wavering from its haughty peak,
The cross of England fell !

"O trembling Faith ! though dark the morn,
90 A heavenly torch is thine ;
While feebler races melt away,
And paler orbs decline,
Still shall the fiery pillar's ray
Along thy pathway shine,
95 To light the chosen tribe that sought
This Western Palestine !

“I see the living tide roll on ;
It crowns with flaming towers
The icy capes of Labrador,
100 The Spaniard’s ‘ land of flowers ’ !
It streams beyond the splintered ridge
That parts the northern showers ;
From eastern rock to sunset wave
The Continent is ours ! ”

105 He ceased, — the grim old soldier-saint, —
Then softly bent to cheer
The Pilgrim-child, whose wasting face
Was meekly turned to hear ;
And drew his toil-worn sleeve across,
110 To brush the manly tear
From cheeks that never changed in woe,
And never blanched in fear.

The weary Pilgrim slumbers,
His resting-place unknown ;
115 His hands were crossed, his lips were closed,
The dust was o’er him strown ;
The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf,
Along the sod were blown ;
His mound has melted into earth,
120 His memory lives alone.

So let it live unfading,
The memory of the dead,
Long as the pale anemone
Springs where their tears were shed,
125 Or, raining in the summer’s wind
In flakes of burning red,
The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves
The turf where once they bled !

Yea, when the frowning bulwarks
 120 That guard this holy strand
 Have sunk beneath the trampling surge
 In beds of sparkling sand,
 While in the waste of ocean
 One hoary rock shall stand,
 125 Be this its latest legend, —
 HERE WAS THE PILGRIM'S LAND !

THE LIVING TEMPLE.¹

NOT in the world of light alone,
 Where God has built his blazing throne,
 Nor yet alone in earth below,
 With belted seas that come and go,
 5 And endless isles of sunlit green,
 Is all thy Maker's glory seen :
 Look in upon thy wondrous frame, —
 Eternal wisdom still the same !

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves
 10 Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
 Whose streams of brightening purple rush,
 Fired with a new and livelier blush,
 While all their burden of decay
 The ebbing current steals away,
 15 And red with Nature's flame they start
 From the warm fountains of the heart.

¹ The comprehension of this poem presupposes an elementary acquaintance with the structure and use of the lungs, the heart and the blood vessels, the bony framework, the organs of special sense, and the convolutions and cells of the brain. Dr. Holmes, in introducing this poem in *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, calls it *The Anatomist's Hymn*.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
20 Leaps forth to fill the woven net
Which in unnumbered crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides,
Then, kindling each decaying part,
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

25 But warmed with that unchanging flame
Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong,
And linked to reason's guiding reins
30 By myriad rings in trembling chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light,
35 Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear
40 With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thoughts in its mysterious folds,
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will !
45 Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells !

The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads !

O Father ! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine !
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mould it into heavenly forms !

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.¹

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings

¹ "We need not trouble ourselves about the distinction between this [the Pearly Nautilus] and the Paper Nautilus, the Argonauta of the ancients. The name applied to both shows that each has long been compared to a ship, as you may see more fully in Webster's *Dictionary*, or the *Encyclopædia*, to which he refers. If you will look into Roget's *Bridgewater Treatise*, you will find a figure of one of these shells, and a section of it. The last will show you the series of enlarging compartments successively dwelt in by the animal that inhabits the shell, which is built in a widening spiral." . . .

"I have now and then found a naturalist who still worried over the distinction between the Pearly Nautilus and the Paper Nautilus, or Argonauta. As the stories about both are mere fables, attaching to the Physalia, or Portuguese man-of-war, as well as to these two mollusks, it seems over-nice to quarrel with the poetical handling of a fiction sufficiently justified by the name commonly applied to the ship of pearl as well as the ship of paper." — *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, page 97.

On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
5 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their stream-
ing hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
10 And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

15 Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil ;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
20 Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old
no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn !
25 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
that sings : —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
30 As the swift seasons roll !

Leave thy low-vaulted past !
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 * Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting
 sea !

CONTENTMENT.

“ Man wants but little here below.”

LITTLE I ask ; my wants are few ;
 I only wish a hut of stone,
 (A *very plain* brown stone will do,)
 That I may call my own ; —
 * And close at hand is such a one,
 In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me ;
 Three courses are as good as ten ; —
 If Nature can subsist on three,
 10 Thank Heaven for three. Amen !
 I always thought cold victual nice ; —
 My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land ; —
 Give me a mortgage here and there, —
 15 Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,
 Or trifling railroad share, —
 I only ask that Fortune send
 A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
 20 And titles are but empty names ;

I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo, —
But only near St. James ;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

25 Jewels are baubles ; 't is a sin
To care for such unfruitful things ;
One good-sized diamond in a pin, —
Some, *not so large*, in rings, —
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
30 Will do for me ; — I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire ;
(Good, heavy silks are never dear ;)
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere, —
35 Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare ;
An easy gait — two, forty-five —
40 Suits me ; I do not care ; —
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four, —
45 I love so much their style and tone, —
One Turner, and no more,

22. St. James's Palace was the London residence of the British sovereigns, from the burning of Whitehall, in the reign of William III., down to 1837, in the reign of Victoria, when the royal household was transferred to Buckingham Palace.

(A landscape, — foreground golden dirt, —
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few, — some fifty score
50 For daily use, and bound for wear ;
The rest upon an upper floor ; —
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam
And vellum rich as country cream.

65 Busts, cameos, gems, — such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride ;
One Stradivarius, I confess,
60 Two meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool ; —
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But *all* must be of buhl ?
65 Give grasping pomp its double share, —
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch ;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
70 I shall not miss them *much*, —
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content !

59. Stradivarius was a famous violin maker, born at Cremona, in Italy (1649-1737.) Some of his instruments have sold as high as \$2,000.

THE TWO ARMIES.

As Life's unending column pours,
Two marshalled hosts are seen, —
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows black between.

5 One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
“Our glory is to slay.”

One moves in silence by the stream,
10 With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave ;
15 Its banner bears the single line,
“Our duty is to save.”

For those no death-bed's lingering shade ;
At Honor's trumpet-call,
With knitted brow and lifted blade
20 In Glory's arms they fall.

For these no clashing falchions bright,
No stirring battle-cry ;
The bloodless stabber calls by night, —
Each answers, “Here am I !”

25 For those the sculptor's laurelled bust,
 The builder's marble piles,
 The anthems pealing o'er their dust
 Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossom-sprinkled turf
 30 That floods the lonely graves
 When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf
 In flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
 And angels wait above,
 35 Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
 Each falling tear of Love.

Though from the Hero's bleeding breast
 Her pulses Freedom drew,
 Though the white lilies in her crest
 40 Sprang from that scarlet dew, —

While Valor's haughty champions wait
 Till all their scars are shown,
 Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
 To sit beside the Throne!

SPRING.

WINTER is past ; the heart of Nature warms
 Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms ;
 Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
 The southern slopes are fringed with tender green ;
 5 On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping eaves,
 Spring's earliest nurslings spread their glowing
 leaves,

- Bright with the hues from wider pictures won,
White, azure, golden, — drift, or sky, or sun, —
The snowdrop, bearing on her patient breast
10 The frozen trophy torn from Winter's crest ;
The violet, gazing on the arch of blue
Till her own iris wears its deepened hue ;
The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mould
Naked and shivering with his cup of gold.
15 Swelled with new life, the darkening elm on high
Prints her thick buds against the spotted sky ;
On all her boughs the stately chestnut cleaves
The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo leaves ;
The house-fly, stealing from his narrow grave,
20 Drugged with the opiate that November gave,
Beats with faint wing against the sunny pane,
Or crawls, tenacious, o'er its lucid plain ;
From shaded chinks of lichen-crusts walls,
In languid curves, the gliding serpent crawls ;
25 The bog's green harper, thawing from his sleep,
Twangs a hoarse note and tries a shortened leap ;
On floating rails that face the softening noons
The still shy turtles range their dark platoons,
' Or, toiling aimless o'er the mellowing fields,
30 Trail through the grass their tessellated shields.

- At last young April, ever frail and fair,
Wooded by her playmate with the golden hair,
Chased to the margin of receding floods
O'er the soft meadows starred with opening buds,
35 In tears and blushes sighs herself away,
And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of May.

Then the proud tulip lights her beacon blaze,
Her clustering curls the hyacinth displays ;

O'er her tall blades the crested fleur-de-lis,
40 Like blue-eyed Pallas, towers erect and free ;
With yellower flames the lengthened sunshine glows,
And love lays bare the passion-breathing rose ;
Queen of the lake, along its reedy verge
The rival lily hastens to emerge,
45 Her snowy shoulders glistening as she strips,
Till morn is sultan of her parted lips.

Then bursts the song from every leafy glade,
The yielding season's bridal serenade ;
Then flash the wings returning Summer calls
50 Through the deep arches of her forest halls, —
The bluebird, breathing from his azure plumes
The fragrance borrowed where the myrtle blooms ;
The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly down,
Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown ;
55 The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire
Rent by a whirlwind from a blazing spire.
The robin, jerking his spasmodic throat,
Repeats, imperious, his *staccato* note ;
The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate,
60 Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight ;
Nay, in his cage the lone canary sings,
Feels the soft air, and spreads his idle wings.

Why dream I here within these caging walls,
Deaf to her voice, while blooming Nature calls ;
65 Peering and gazing with insatiate looks
Through blinding lenses, or in wearying books ?
Off, gloomy spectres of the shrivelled past !
Fly with the leaves that fill the autumn blast !
Ye imps of Science, whose relentless chains
70 Lock the warm tides within these living veins,

Close your dim cavern, while its captive strays
Dazzled and giddy in the morning's blaze!

A SONG.

FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF HARVARD
COLLEGE, 1836.

WHEN the Puritans came over,
Our hills and swamps to clear,
The woods were full of catamounts,
And Indians red as deer,
5 With tomahawks and scalping-knives,
That make folks' heads look queer; —
Oh, the ship from England used to bring
A hundred wigs a year!

The crows came cawing through the air
10 To pluck the Pilgrims' corn,
The bears came snuffing round the door
Whene'er a babe was born,
The rattlesnakes were bigger round
Than the but of the old ram's horn
15 The deacon blew at meeting time
On every "Sabbath" morn.

But soon they knocked the wigwams down,
And pine-tree trunk and limb
Began to sprout among the leaves
20 In shape of steeples slim;
And out the little wharves were stretched
Along the ocean's rim,

1. See note on page 60.

And up the little school-house shot
To keep the boys in trim.

25 And when at length the College rose,
The sachem cocked his eye
At every tutor's meagre ribs
Whose coat-tails whistled by :
But when the Greek and Hebrew words
30 Came tumbling from his jaws,
The copper-colored children all
Ran screaming to the squaws.

And who was on the Catalogue
When college was begun ?
35 Two nephews of the President,
And *the* Professor's son ;
(They turned a little Indian by,
As brown as any bun ;)
Lord ! how the seniors knocked about
40 The freshman class of one !

They had not then the dainty things
That commons now afford,
But *succotash* and *hominny*
Were smoking on the board ;

34. In 1636 the General Court voted £400 for a "school or college ;" in 1637, it was ordered that the college should be at Newtown ; in 1638, the name of Newtown was changed to Cambridge ; and in 1639, it was ordered that the college should be called Harvard College, in honor of Rev. John Harvard, a minister at Charlestown, who died in 1638, leaving to the college £780 and his library of more than three hundred volumes.

Instruction was begun in 1638, under Nathaniel Eaton, and the first class, of nine young men, was graduated in 1642, under Rev. Henry Dunster, who received his appointment as the first president of the college in 1640.

45 They did not rattle round in gigs,
Or dash in long-tailed blues,
But always on Commencement days
The tutors blacked their shoes.

God bless the ancient Puritans !
50 Their lot was hard enough ;
But honest hearts make iron arms,
And tender maids are tough ;
So love and faith have formed and fed
Our true-born Yankee stuff,
55 And keep the kernel in the shell
The British found so rough !

THE STEAMBOAT.

SEE how yon flaming herald treads
The ridged and rolling waves,
As, crashing o'er their crested heads,
She bows her surly slaves !
6 With foam before and fire behind,
She rends the clinging sea,
That flies before the roaring wind,
Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,
10 With heaped and glistening bells,
Falls round her fast, in ringing showers,
With every wave that swells ;
And, burning o'er the midnight deep,
In lurid fringes thrown,
15 The living gems of ocean sweep
Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,
And smoking torch on high,
When winds are loud, and billows reel,
20 She thunders foaming by;
When seas are silent and serene,
With even beam she glides,
The sunshine glimmering through the green
That skirts her gleaming sides.

25 Now, like a wild nymph, far apart
She veils her shadowy form,
The beating of her restless heart
Still sounding through the storm;
Now answers like a courtly dame,
30 The reddening surges o'er,
With flying scarf of spangled flame,
The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
Who trims his narrowed sail;
35 To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
Her broad breast to the gale;
And many a foresail, scooped and strained,
Shall break from yard and stay,
Before this smoky wreath has stained
40 The rising mist of day.

Hark! hark! I hear yon whistling shroud,
I see yon quivering mast;
The black throat of the hunted cloud
Is panting forth the blast!

32. **Pharos** = beacon or lighthouse. So named from the island of Pharos, in the Bay of Alexandria, on which Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, erected the most famous lighthouse of ancient times (280 B. C.).

45 An hour, and, whirled like winnowing chaff,
 The giant surge shall fling
 His tresses o'er yon pennon staff,
 White as the sea-bird's wing !

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep ;
 50 Nor wind nor wave shall tire
 Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
 With floods of living fire ;
 Sleep on, — and, when the morning light
 Streams o'er the shining bay,
 55 Oh, think of those for whom the night
 Shall never wake in day !

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE ;

OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

A LOGICAL STORY.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 That was built in such a logical way
 It ran a hundred years to a day,
 And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
 5 I'll tell you what happened without delay,
 Scaring the parson into fits,
 Frightening people out of their wits, —
 Have you ever heard of that, I say ?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
 10 *Georgius Secundus* was then alive, —
 Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
 That was the year when Lisbon-town
 Saw the earth open and gulp her down,

And Braddock's army was done so brown,
 15 Left without a scalp to its crown.
 It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
 That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
 There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —
 20 In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
 In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
 In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,
 Find it somewhere you must and will, —
 Above or below, or within or without, —
 25 And that 's the reason, beyond a doubt,
 That a chaise *breaks down*, but does n't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
 With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou* ")
 He would build one shay to beat the taown
 30 'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun' ;
 It should be so built that it *could n'* break daown :
 "Fur," said the Deacon, "t's mighty plain
 Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain ;
 'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
 35 Is only jest
 T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That could n't be split nor bent nor broke, —
 40 That was for spokes and floor and sills ;
 He sent for lancewood to make the thills ;
 The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
 The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
 But lasts like iron for things like these ;

- 45 The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum," —
Last of its timber, — they could n't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
50 Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
55 Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

- Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
60 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

- 65 EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
70 Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

- Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
75 Without both feeling and looking queer.

In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large ;
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

80 FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake-day, —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There could n't be, — for the Deacon's art
85 Had made it so like in every part
That there was n't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
90 And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out* !

95 First of November, 'Fifty-five !
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way !
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
100 " Huddup ! " said the parson. — Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
105 Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —

And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —
110 Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
115 You see, of course, if you 're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
120 Logic is logic. That's all I say.

THE BROOMSTICK TRAIN; OR, THE RETURN OF THE WITCHES.¹

LOOK out! Look out, boys! Clear the track!
The witches are here! They've all come back!

¹ "Look here! There are crowds of people whirled through our streets on these new-fashioned cars, with their witch-broomsticks overhead, — if they don't come from Salem, they ought to, — and not more than one in a dozen of these fish-eyed bipeds thinks or cares a nickel's worth about the miracle which is wrought for their convenience. They know that without hands or feet, without horses, without steam, so far as they can see, they are transported from place to place, and that there is nothing to account for it except the witch-broomstick and the iron or copper cobweb which they see stretched above them. What do they know or care about this last revelation of the omnipresent spirit of the material universe? We ought to go down on our knees when one of these mighty caravans, car after car, spins by us, under the mystic impulse which seems to know not whether its train is loaded or empty. We are used to

They hanged them high, — No use! No use!
What cares a witch for a hangman's noose?
5 They buried them deep, but they would n't lie still,
For cats and witches are hard to kill;
They swore they should n't and would n't die, —
Books said they did, but they lie! they lie!

A couple of hundred years, or so,
10 They had knocked about in the world below,
When an Essex Deacon dropped in to call,
And a homesick feeling seized them all;
For he came from a place they knew full well,
And many a tale he had to tell.
15 They longed to visit the haunts of men,
To see the old dwellings they knew again,
And ride on their broomsticks all around
Their wide domain of unhallowed ground.

In Essex County there's many a roof
20 Well known to him of the cloven hoof;
The small square windows are full in view
Which the midnight hags went sailing through,
On their well-trained broomsticks mounted high,
Seen like shadows against the sky;
25 Crossing the track of owls and bats,
Hugging before them their coal-black cats.

Well did they know, those gray old wives,
The sights we see in our daily drives:

force in the muscles of horses, in the expansive potency of steam, but here we have force stripped stark naked, — nothing but a filament to cover its nudity, — and yet showing its might in efforts that would task the working-beam of a ponderous steam-engine." — *Over the Teacups*, page 215.

Shimmer of lake and shine of sea,
 30 Brown's bare hill with its lonely tree,
 (It was n't then as we see it now,
 With one scant scalp-lock to shade its brow ;)
 Dusky nooks in the Essex woods,
 Dark, dim, Dante-like solitudes,
 35 Where the tree-toad watches the sinuous snake
 Glide through his forests of fern and brake ;
 Ipswich River ; its old stone bridge ;
 Far-off Andover's Indian Ridge,
 And many a scene where history tells
 40 Some shadow of bygone terror dwells, —
 Of "Norman's Woe" with its tale of dread,
 Of the Screeching Woman of Marblehead,
 (The fearful story that turns men pale :
 Don't bid me tell it, — my speech would fail.)

45 Who would not, will not, if he can,
 Bathe in the breezes of fair Cape Ann, —
 Rest in the bowers her bays enfold,
 Loved by the sachems and squaws of old ?
 Home where the white magnolias bloom,
 50 Sweet with the bayberry's chaste perfume,
 Hugged by the woods and kissed by the sea !
 Where is the Eden like to thee ?
 For that "couple of hundred years, or so,"
 There had been no peace in the world below ;

34. Dante was an Italian poet (1265–1321). One of his works, *The Inferno*, is famous for its graphic pictures of the gloomy and the awful.

41. "Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
 In the midnight and the snow !
 Christ save us all from a death like this
 On the reef of Norman's Woe."

H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*.

55 The witches still grumbling, "It is n't fair;
Come, give us a taste of the upper air!
We've had enough of your sulphur springs,
And the evil odor that round them clings;
We long for a drink that is cool and nice, —
60 Great buckets of water with Wenham ice;
We've served you well up-stairs, you know;
You're a good old — fellow — come, let us go!"

I don't feel sure of his being good,
But he happened to be in a pleasant mood, —
65 As fiends with their skins full sometimes are, —
(He'd been drinking with "roughs" at a Boston
bar.)

So what does he do but up and shout
To a graybeard turnkey, "Let 'em out!"

To mind his orders was all he knew;
70 The gates swung open, and out they flew.
"Where are our broomsticks?" the beldams cried.
"Here are your broomsticks," an imp replied.
"They've been in — the place you know — so long
They smell of brimstone uncommon strong;
75 But they've gained by being left alone, —
Just look, and you'll see how tall they've grown."
"And where is my cat?" a vixen squalled.
"Yes, where are our cats?" the witches bawled,
And began to call them all by name;
80 As fast as they called the cats, they came:
There was bob-tailed Tommy and long-tailed Tim,
And wall-eyed Jacky and green-eyed Jim,
And splay-foot Benny and slim-legged Beau,
And Skinny and Squally, and Jerry and Joe,
85 And many another that came at call, —
It would take too long to count them all.

All black, — one could hardly tell which was which,
But every cat knew his own old witch ;
And she knew hers as hers knew her, —
90 Ah, did n't they curl their tails and purr !

No sooner the withered hags were free
Than out they swarmed for a midnight spree ;
I could n't tell all they did in rhymes,
But the Essex people had dreadful times.
95 The Swampscott fishermen still relate
How a strange sea-monster stole their bait ;
How their nets were tangled in loops and knots,
And they found dead crabs in their lobster-pots.
Poor Danvers grieved for her blasted crops,
100 And Wilmington mourned over mildewed hops.
A blight played havoc with Beverly beans, —
It was all the work of those hateful queans !
A dreadful panic began at " Pride's,"
Where the witches stopped in their midnight rides,
105 And there rose strange rumors and vague alarms
'Mid the peaceful dwellers at Beverly Farms.

Now when the Boss of the Beldams found
That without his leave they were ramping round,
He called, — they could hear him twenty miles,
110 From Chelsea beach to the Misery Isles ;

100. " You wish to correct an error in my Broomstick poem, do you ? You give me to understand that Wilmington is not in Essex County, but in Middlesex. Very well ; but are they separated by *running water* ? Because if they are not, what could hinder a witch from crossing the line that separates Wilmington from Andover, I should like to know ? I never meant to imply that the witches made no excursions beyond the district which was more especially their seat of operations." — Unwritten answer to a correspondent in *Over the Teacups*, page 311.

The deafest old granny knew his tone
Without the trick of the telephone.

“Come here, you witches! Come here!” says he,—

“At your games of old, without asking me!

115 I’ll give you a little job to do

That will keep you stirring, you godless crew!”

They came, of course, at their master’s call,
The witches, the broomsticks, the cats, and all;
He led the hags to a railway train

120 The horses were trying to drag in vain.

“Now, then,” says he, “you’ve had your fun,

And here are the cars you’ve got to run.

The driver may just unhitch his team,

We don’t want horses, we don’t want steam;

125 You may keep your old black cats to hug,

But the loaded train you’ve got to lug.”

Since then on many a car you’ll see

A broomstick plain as plain can be;

On every stick there’s a witch astride,—

130 The string you see to her leg is tied.

She will do a mischief if she can,

But the string is held by a careful man,

And whenever the evil-minded witch

Would cut some caper, he gives a twitch.

135 As for the hag, you can’t see her,

But hark! you can hear her black cat’s purr,

And now and then, as a car goes by,

You may catch a gleam from her wicked eye.

Often you’ve looked on a rushing train,

140 But just what moved it was not so plain.

It could n’t be those wires above,

For they neither could pull nor shove;

Where was the motor that made it go
You could n't guess, *but now you know.*

145 Remember my rhymes when you ride again
On the rattling rail by the broomstick train !

UNDER THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE.¹

APRIL 27, 1861.

EIGHTY years have passed, and more,
Since under the brave old tree
Our fathers gathered in arms, and swore
They would follow the sign their banners bore,
And fight till the land was free.

Half of their work was done,
Half is left to do, —
Cambridge, and Concord, and Lexington !
When the battle is fought and won,
10 What shall be told of you ?

Hark ! — 't is the south-wind moans, —
Who are the martyrs down ?
Ah, the marrow was true in your children's bones
That sprinkled with blood the cursèd stones
15 Of the murder-haunted town !

¹ The old elm is still standing (1898), but its age and feebleness are painfully apparent in its crippled branches and diminished spread. On a granite tablet beneath its bandaged limbs is the following inscription : " Under this tree Washington first took command of the American army, July 3, 1775."

What if the storm-clouds blow ?
What if the green leaves fall ?
Better the crashing tempest's throe
Than the army of worms that gnawed below ;
20 Trample them one and all !

Then, when the battle is won,
And the land from traitors free,
Our children shall tell of the strife begun
When Liberty's second April sun
25 Was bright on our brave old tree !

FREEDOM, OUR QUEEN.

LAND where the banners wave last in the sun,
Blazoned with star-clusters, many in one,
Floating o'er prairie and mountain and sea ;
Hark ! 't is the voice of thy children to thee !

5 Here at thine altar our vows we renew
Still in thy cause to be loyal and true, —
True to thy flag on the field and the wave,
Living to honor it, dying to save !

Mother of heroes ! if perfidy's blight
10 Fall on a star in thy garland of light,
Sound but one bugle-blast ! Lo ! at the sign
Armies all panoplied wheel into line !

Hope of the world ! thou hast broken its chains, —
Wear thy bright arms while a tyrant remains,
15 Stand for the right till the nations shall own
Freedom their sovereign, with Law for her throne !

Freedom ! sweet Freedom ! our voices resound,
Queen by God's blessing, unsceptred, uncrowned !
Freedom, sweet Freedom, our pulses repeat,
20 Warm with her life-blood, as long as they beat !

Fold the broad banner-stripes over her breast, —
Crown her with star-jewels Queen of the West !
Earth for her heritage, God for her friend,
She shall reign over us, world without end !

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born ?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land :
5 Oh tell us what its name may be, —
Is this the Flower of Liberty ?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty !

In savage Nature's far abode
10 Its tender seed our fathers sowed ;
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
Till lo ! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty !
15 Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty !

Behold its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of braided light, —
The red that fires the Southern rose,
20 With spotless white from Northern snows,

And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

25 The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
30 And plants an empire on the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
35 To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew, —
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
40 The starry FLOWER OF LIBERTY!

UNION AND LIBERTY.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and
flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame
6 Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,

While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
10 UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

Light of our firmanent, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!
15 Up with our banner bright, etc.

Empire unsceptred! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!
20 Up with our banner bright, etc.

Yet, if by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must
draw,
Then with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!
25 Up with our banner bright, etc.

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh keep us the MANY IN ONE!
30 Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
35 UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

GOD SAVE THE FLAG!

WASHED in the blood of the brave and the blooming,
Snatched from the altars of insolent foes,
Burning with star-fires but never consuming,
Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose.

5 Vainly the prophets of Baal would rend it,
Vainly his worshippers pray for its fall ;
Thousands have died for it, millions defend it,
Emblem of justice and mercy to all :

Justice that reddens the sky with her terrors,
10 Mercy that comes with her white-handed train,
Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,
Sheathing the sabre and breaking the chain.

Borne on the deluge of old usurpations,
Drifted our Ark o'er the desolate seas,
15 Bearing the rainbow of hope to the nations.
Torn from the storm-cloud and flung to the
breeze !

God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,
While its broad folds o'er the battle-field wave,
Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its splendors,
20 Washed from its stains in the blood of the
brave !

A SUN-DAY HYMN.

LORD of all being ! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;

Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !

5 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn ;
10 Our noontide is thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign ;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine !

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
15 Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
20 One holy light, one heavenly flame !

The Riverside Literature Series

**MY HUNT AFTER THE CAPTAIN
AND OTHER PAPERS**

BY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY AND NOTES

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DR. HOLMES'S PROSE WRITINGS.

IN the early years of Dr. Holmes's career his literary reputation rested on verse which seemed the playful pastime of a professional man. To students in medicine, indeed, he was known as a keen writer, and his published papers upon professional topics showed how valuable was his literary skill in presenting subjects of a scientific nature. To the general public, however, his prose was known chiefly through the medium of the popular lecture, and the impression was easily created that he was a witty and humorous writer with a turn for satire. It was not until he delivered the as yet unpublished lectures on the *English Poets of the Nineteenth Century* before the Lowell Institute in Boston in 1852, that the wider range of his thought and the penetration of his poetic insight were recognized. Five or six years later a better occasion came, and in the first number of *The Atlantic Monthly* was begun a series of prose writings, which under various names gave a new and important place in literature to the author. The first of the series was *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*; the last, *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table*; and in this the writer distinctly says, what the observant reader of the series will be pretty sure to discover for himself: "I have unburdened myself in this book, and in some other

pages, of what I was born to say. Many things that I have said in my riper days have been aching in my soul since I was a mere child. I say aching, because they conflicted with many of my inherited beliefs, or rather traditions. I did not know then that two strains of blood were striving in me for the mastery—two! twenty, perhaps—twenty thousand, for aught I know—but represented to me by two—paternal and maternal. But I do know this: I have struck a good many chords, first and last, in the consciousness of other people. I confess to a tender feeling for my little brood of thoughts. When they have been welcomed and praised, it has pleased me; and if at any time they have been rudely handled and despitefully treated, it has cost me a little worry. I don't despise reputation, and I should like to be remembered as having said something worth lasting well enough to last."

This passage briefly presents three very noticeable characteristics of Dr. Holmes's prose as contained in the series of *Atlantic* papers and stories. They give the mature thought of the writer, held back through many years for want of an adequate occasion, and ripened in his mind during this enforced silence; they illustrate the effect upon his thought of his professional studies, which predisposed him to treat of the natural history of man, and to import into his analysis of the invisible organism of life the terms and methods employed in the science of the visible anatomy and physiology; and finally they are warm with a sympathy for men and women, and singularly felicitous in their expression of many of the indistinct and half-understood experiences of life. For their form it may be said that the impression produced upon the reader of the *Autocrat* series which was finally gath-

ered into a volume, is of a growth rather than of a premeditated artistic completeness. The first suggestion is found in the two papers under the title of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, published in *The New England Magazine* for November, 1831, and January, 1832. These were written by Dr. Holmes shortly after his graduation from college and before he entered on his medical studies. They consist of brief epigrammatic observations upon various topics, the desultory talk of a person engrossing conversation at a table. The form is monologue with scarcely more than a hint at interruptions, and no attempt at characterizing the speaker or his listeners. Twenty-five years later, when *The Atlantic Monthly* was founded, the author remembering the fancy resumed it, and under the same title began a series of papers which at once had great favor and grew, possibly, beyond the writer's original intention. Twenty-five years had not dulled the wit and gayety of the exuberant young author; rather, they had ripened the early fruit and imparted a richness of flavor which greatly increased the value. The maturity was seen not only in the wider reach and deeper tone of the talk, but in the humanizing of the scheme. Out of the talk at the breakfast-table one began to distinguish characters and faces in the persons about the board, and before the *Autocrat* was completed there had appeared a series of portraits, vivid and full of interest. Two characters meanwhile were hinted at by the author rather than described or very palpably introduced: the Professor and the Poet. It is not difficult to see that these are thin disguises for the author himself, who, in the versatility of his nature, appeals to the reader now as a brilliant philosopher, now as a man of science, now as a seer and poet.

The Professor at the Breakfast-Table followed, and there was a still stronger dramatic power disclosed; some of the former characters remained, and others of even more positive individuality were added; a romance was inwoven and something like a plot sketched, so that, while the talk still went on and eddied about graver subjects than before, the book which grew out of the papers had more distinctly the form of a series of sketches from life. It was followed by two novels, *Elsie Venner* and *The Guardian Angel*. The talks at the breakfast-table had often gravitated toward the deep themes of destiny and human freedom; the novels wrought the same subjects in dramatic form, and action interpreted the thought, while still there flowed on the wonderful, apparently inexhaustible stream of wit, tenderness, passion, and human sympathy. Once more, fourteen years after the appearance of the first of the series, came *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table*. A new group of characters, with slight reminders of former ones, occupied the pages; again talk and romance blended; and playfulness, satire, sentiment, wise reflection, and sturdy indignation followed in quick succession.

The Breakfast-Table series forms a group independent of the intercalated novels, and, with its frequent poems, may be taken as an artistic whole. It is hardly too much to say that it makes a new contribution to the forms of literary art. The elasticity of the scheme rendered possible a comprehensiveness of material; the exuberance of the author's fancy and the fullness of his thought gave a richness to the fabric; the poetic sense of fitness kept the whole within just bounds. Moreover, the personality of the author was vividly present in all parts. There are

few examples of literature in the first person so successful as this.

The Atlantic Monthly, meanwhile, afforded a convenient vehicle for Dr. Holmes's thought on many subjects, and he has contributed independent papers since the publication of the Breakfast-Table series. In a recent reissue of his works he collected these and other papers into a volume entitled *Pages from an Old Volume of Life*, and it is from this volume that the leading paper of this number has been taken. It was originally published in the *Atlantic* in the number for December, 1862, and thus close upon the occurrences detailed in it. That was a quarter of a century ago, and the captain, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., who gave occasion for the anxious hunt, is now a justice on the bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

A volume of *Medical Essays* contains the more strictly professional prose of Dr. Holmes, and a biographical sketch of the historian John Lothrop Motley is an expansion of one which he prepared at the instance of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Since withdrawing from academic life, Dr. Holmes has published a volume on Ralph Waldo Emerson in the *American Men of Letters* series; a novel, *A Mortal Antipathy*; and *Our Hundred Days in Europe*. This last-named work chronicles the experience of Dr. Holmes and his daughter in a journey which they made to Europe in 1886. It was more than fifty years since Dr. Holmes had crossed the Atlantic. Then, he went as a student in medicine, and spent his time chiefly in Paris. Now he was received as one of the most famous of American authors, and his stay in London, as in England generally, was the

occasion for a rapid succession of honors and attentions, public and private. The newspapers and public speakers, by their references to him, seemed to indicate that his writings were very well known in England as well as in his native country.

In the last years of his life he added to the Breakfast-Table series another group of similarly discursive papers, happily entitled *Over the Teacups*, and by reverting to this form in his old age, demonstrated how thoroughly native it was to his genius, how admirably adapted to the playful, the vagrant, yet constant movements of his vivacious mind.

MY HUNT AFTER "THE CAPTAIN."

IN the dead of the night which closed upon the bloody field of Antietam,¹ my household was startled from its slumbers by the loud summons of a telegraphic messenger. The air had been heavy all day with rumors of battle, and thousands and tens of thousands had walked the streets with throbbing hearts, in dread anticipation of the tidings any hour might bring.

We rose hastily, and presently the messenger was admitted. I took the envelope from his hand, opened it, and read : —

HAGERSTOWN 17th

To ——— H ———

Capt H—— wounded shot through the neck thought not mortal at Keedysville

WILLIAM G LEDUC

Through the neck, — no bullet left in wound. Wind-pipe, food-pipe, carotid, jugular, half a dozen smaller, but still formidable vessels, a great braid of nerves, each as big as a lamp-wick, spinal cord, — ought to kill at once, if at all. *Thought not* mortal, or *not thought* mortal, — which was it? The first; that is better than the second would be, — "Keedysville, a post-office, Washington Co., Maryland." Leduc? Leduc? Don't remember that name. — The boy is wait-

¹ The battle of Antietam was fought September 17, 1862.

ing for his money. A dollar and thirteen cents. Has nobody got thirteen cents? Don't keep that boy waiting, — how do we know what messages he has got to carry?

The boy *had* another message to carry. It was to the father of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilder Dwight, informing him that his son was grievously wounded in the same battle, and was lying at Boonsborough, a town a few miles this side of Keedysville. This I learned the next morning from the civil and attentive officials at the Central Telegraph Office.

Calling upon this gentleman, I found that he meant to leave in the quarter-past-two-o'clock train, taking with him Dr. George H. Gay, an accomplished and energetic surgeon, equal to any difficult question or pressing emergency. I agreed to accompany them, and we met in the cars. I felt myself peculiarly fortunate in having companions whose society would be a pleasure, whose feelings would harmonize with my own, and whose assistance I might, in case of need, be glad to claim.

It is of the journey which we began together, and which I finished apart, that I mean to give my *Atlantic* readers an account. They must let me tell my story in my own way, speaking of many little matters that interested or amused me, and which a certain leisurely class of elderly persons, who sit at their fire-sides and never travel, will, I hope, follow with a kind of interest. For, besides the main object of my excursion, I could not help being excited by the incidental sights and occurrences of a trip which to a commercial traveller or a newspaper-reporter would seem quite commonplace and undeserving of record. There are periods in which all places and people seem to be

in a conspiracy to impress us with their individuality, in which every ordinary locality seems to assume a special significance and to claim a particular notice, in which every person we meet is either an old acquaintance or a character; days in which the strangest coincidences are continually happening, so that they get to be the rule, and not the exception. Some might naturally think that anxiety and the weariness of a prolonged search after a near relative would have prevented my taking any interest in or paying any regard to the little matters around me. Perhaps it had just the contrary effect, and acted like a diffused stimulus upon the attention. When all the faculties are wide-awake in pursuit of a single object, or fixed in the spasm of an absorbing emotion, they are oftentimes clairvoyant in a marvellous degree in respect to many collateral things, as Wordsworth has so forcibly illustrated in his sonnet on the Boy of Windermere, and as Hawthorne has developed with such metaphysical accuracy in that chapter of his wondrous story¹ where Hester walks forth to meet her punishment.

Be that as it may, — though I set out with a full and heavy heart; though many times my blood chilled with what were perhaps needless and unwise fears; though I broke through all my habits without thinking about them, which is almost as hard in certain circumstances as for one of our young fellows to leave his sweetheart and go into a Peninsular campaign; though I did not always know when I was hungry nor discover that I was thirsting; though I had a worrying ache and inward tremor underlying all the outward play of the senses and the mind, — yet it is the simple truth that I did look out of the car-windows with an

¹ *The Scarlet Letter.*

eye for all that passed ; that I did take cognizance of strange sights and singular people ; that I did act much as persons act from the ordinary promptings of curiosity, and from time to time even laugh very much as others do who are attacked with a convulsive sense of the ridiculous, the epilepsy of the diaphragm.

By a mutual compact, we talked little in the cars. A communicative friend is the greatest nuisance to have at one's side during a railroad journey, especially if his conversation is stimulating and in itself agreeable. "A fast train and a 'slow' neighbor," is my motto. Many times, when I have got upon the cars, expecting to be magnetized into an hour or two of blissful reverie, my thoughts shaken up by the vibrations into all sorts of new and pleasing patterns, arranging themselves in curves and nodal points, like the grains of sand in Chladni's¹ famous experiment, — fresh ideas coming up to the surface, as the kernels do when a measure of corn is jolted in a farmer's wagon, — all this without volition, the mechanical impulse alone keeping the thoughts in motion, as the mere act of carrying certain watches in the pocket keeps them wound up, — many times, I say, just as my brain was beginning to creep and hum with this delicious locomotive intoxication, some dear detestable friend, cordial, intelligent, social, radiant, has come up and sat down by me and opened a conversation which has broken my day-dream, unharnessed the flying horses that were whirling along my fancies and hitched on the old weary omnibus-team of every-day associations, fatigued my hearing and attention, exhausted my voice, and milked the breasts of my thought dry during the hour when

¹ A German physicist, who by his discoveries on the theory of sound, laid the foundation of the science of acoustics.

they should have been filling themselves full of fresh juices. My friends spared me this trial.

So, then, I sat by the window and enjoyed the slight tipsiness produced by short, limited, rapid oscillations, which I take to be the exhilarating stage of that condition which reaches hopeless inebriety in what we know as seasickness. Where the horizon opened widely, it pleased me to watch the curious effect of the rapid movement of near objects contrasted with the slow motion of distant ones. Looking from a right-hand window, for instance, the fences close by glide swiftly backward, or to the right, while the distant hills not only do not appear to move backward, but look by contrast with the fences near at hand as if they were moving forward, or to the left; and thus the whole landscape becomes a mighty wheel revolving about an imaginary axis somewhere in the middle-distance.

My companions proposed to stay at one of the best-known and longest-established of the New York caravansaries, and I accompanied them. We were particularly well lodged, and not uncivilly treated. The traveller who supposes that he is to repeat the melancholy experience of Shenstone, and have to sigh over the reflection that he has found "his warmest welcome at an inn," has something to learn at the offices of the great city hotels. The unheralded guest who is honored by mere indifference may think himself blessed with singular good-fortune. If the despot of the Patent-Annunciator is only mildly contemptuous in his manner, let the victim look upon it as a personal favor. The coldest welcome that a threadbare curate ever got at the door of a bishop's palace, the most icy reception that a country cousin ever received at the city mansion of a mushroom millionaire, is agreeably tepid, com-

pared to that which the Rhadamanthus who dooms you to the more or less elevated circle of his inverted Inferno vouchsafes, as you step up to enter your name on his dog's-eared register. I have less hesitation in unburdening myself of this uncomfortable statement, as on this particular trip I met with more than one exception to the rule. Officials become brutalized, I suppose, as a matter of course. One cannot expect an office clerk to embrace tenderly every stranger who comes in with a carpet-bag, or a telegraph operator to burst into tears over every unpleasant message he receives for transmission. Still, humanity is not always totally extinguished in these persons. I discovered a youth in a telegraph office of the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia, who was as pleasant in conversation and as graciously responsive to inoffensive questions, as if I had been his childless opulent uncle and my will not made.

On the road again the next morning, over the ferry, into the cars with sliding panels and fixed windows, so that in summer the whole side of the car may be made transparent. New Jersey is, to the apprehension of a traveller, a double-headed suburb rather than a State. Its dull red dust looks like the dried and powdered mud of a battlefield. Peach-trees are common, and champagne-orchards. Canal-boats, drawn by mules, swim by, feeling their way along like blind men led by dogs. I had a mighty passion come over me to be the captain of one, — to glide back and forward upon a sea never roughened by storms, — to float where I could not sink, — to navigate where there is no shipwreck, — to lie languidly on the deck and govern the huge craft by a word or the movement of a finger: there was something of railroad intoxication in the

fancy : but who has not often envied a cobbler in his stall ?

The boys cry the "N'-York *Heddle*," instead of *Herald* ; I remember that years ago in Philadelphia ; we must be getting near the farther end of the dumb-bell suburb. A bridge has been swept away by a rise of the waters, so we must approach Philadelphia by the river. Her physiognomy is not distinguished ; *nez camus*, as a Frenchman would say ; no illustrious steeple, no imposing tower ; the water-edge of the town looking bedraggled, like the flounce of a vulgar rich woman's dress that trails on the sidewalk. The New Ironsides lies at one of the wharves, elephantine in bulk and color, her sides narrowing as they rise, like the walls of a hock-glass.

I went straight to the house in Walnut Street where the Captain would be heard of, if anywhere in this region. His lieutenant-colonel was there, gravely wounded ; his college-friend and comrade in arms, a son of the house, was there, injured in a similar way ; another soldier, brother of the last, was there, prostrate with fever. A fourth bed was waiting ready for the Captain, but not one word had been heard of him, though inquiries had been made in the towns from and through which the father had brought his two sons and the lieutenant-colonel. And so my search is, like a *Ledger* story, to be continued.

I rejoined my companions in time to take the noon-train for Baltimore. Our company was gaining in number as it moved onwards. We had found upon the train from New York a lovely, lonely lady, the wife of one of our most spirited Massachusetts officers, the brave Colonel of the —th Regiment, going to seek her wounded husband at Middletown, a place

lying directly in our track. She was the light of our party while we were together on our pilgrimage, a fair, gracious woman, gentle, but courageous,

—“ful plesant and amiable of port,
 — estatelich of manere,
 And to ben holden digne of reverence.”¹

On the road from Philadelphia I found in the same car with our party Dr. William Hunt of Philadelphia, who had most kindly and faithfully attended the Captain, then the Lieutenant, after a wound received at Ball's Bluff, which came very near being mortal. He was going upon an errand of mercy to the wounded, and found he had in his memorandum-book the name of our lady's husband, the Colonel, who had been commended to his particular attention.

Not long after leaving Philadelphia, we passed a solitary sentry keeping guard over a short railroad bridge. It was the first evidence that we were approaching the perilous borders, the marches where the North and the South mingle their angry hosts, where the extremes of our so-called civilization meet in conflict, and the fierce slave-driver of the Lower Mississippi stares into the stern eyes of the forest-feller from the banks of the Aroostook. All the way along, the bridges were guarded more or less strongly. In a vast country like ours, communications play a far more complex part than in Europe, where the whole territory available for strategic purposes is so comparatively limited. Belgium, for instance, has long been the bowling-alley where kings roll cannon-balls at each other's armies; but here we are playing the game of live ninepins *without any alley*.

¹ From the description of the Prioress in the prologue to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. *Estatelich* is *stately*; *digne* is *worthy*.

We were obliged to stay in Baltimore over night, as we were too late for the train to Frederick. At the Eutaw House, where we found both comfort and courtesy, we met a number of friends, who beguiled the evening hours for us in the most agreeable manner. We devoted some time to procuring surgical and other articles such as might be useful to our friends, or to others, if our friends should not need them. In the morning, I found myself seated at the breakfast-table next to General Wool. It did not surprise me to find the General very far from expansive. With Fort McHenry on his shoulders and Baltimore in his breeches-pocket, and the weight of a military department loading down his social safety-valves, I thought it a great deal for an officer in his trying position to select so very obliging and affable an aid as the gentleman who relieved him of the burden of attending to strangers.

We left the Eutaw House to take the cars for Frederick. As we stood waiting on the platform, a telegraphic message was handed in silence to my companion. Sad news: the lifeless body of the son he was hastening to see was even now on its way to him in Baltimore. It was no time for empty words of consolation: I knew what he had lost, and that now was not the time to intrude upon a grief borne as men bear it, felt as women feel it.

Colonel Wilder Dwight was first made known to me as the friend of a beloved relative of my own, who was with him during a severe illness in Switzerland, and for whom while living, and for whose memory when dead, he retained the warmest affection. Since that the story of his noble deeds of daring, of his capture and escape, and a brief visit home before

he was able to rejoin his regiment, had made his name familiar to many among us, myself among the number. His memory has been honored by those who had the largest opportunity of knowing his rare promise, as a man of talents and energy of nature. His abounding vitality must have produced its impression on all who met him; there was a still fire about him which any one could see would blaze up to melt all difficulties and recast obstacles into implements in the mould of an heroic will. These elements of his character many had the chance of knowing; but I shall always associate him with the memory of that pure and noble friendship which made me feel that I knew him before I looked upon his face, and added a personal tenderness to the sense of loss which I share with the whole community.¹

Here, then, I parted, sorrowfully, from the companions with whom I set out on my journey.

In one of the cars, at the same station, we met General Shriver of Frederick, a most loyal Unionist, whose name is synonymous with a hearty welcome to all whom he can aid by his counsel and his hospitality. He took great pains to give us all the information we needed, and expressed the hope, which was afterwards fulfilled, to the great gratification of some of us, that we should meet again when he should return to his home.

There was nothing worthy of special note in the trip to Frederick, except our passing a squad of Rebel prisoners, whom I missed seeing, as they flashed by, but who were said to be a most forlorn-looking crowd of scarecrows. Arrived at the Monocacy River, about three miles this side of Frederick, we came to a halt,

¹ *The Life and Letters of Wilder Dwight* was afterward published.

for the railroad bridge had been blown up by the Rebels, and its iron pillars and arches were lying in the bed of the river. The unfortunate wretch who fired the train was killed by the explosion, and lay buried hard by, his hands sticking out of the shallow grave into which he had been huddled. This was the story they told us, but whether true or not I must leave to the correspondents of *Notes and Queries* to settle.

There was a great confusion of carriages and wagons at the stopping-place of the train, so that it was a long time before I could get anything that would carry us. At last I was lucky enough to light on a sturdy wagon, drawn by a pair of serviceable bays, and driven by James Grayden, with whom I was destined to have a somewhat continued acquaintance. We took up a little girl who had been in Baltimore during the late Rebel inroad. It made me think of the time when my own mother, at that time six years old, was hurried off from Boston, then occupied by the British soldiers, to Newburyport, and heard the people say that "the redcoats were coming, killing and murdering everybody as they went along." Frederick looked cheerful for a place that had so recently been in an enemy's hands. Here and there a house or shop was shut up, but the national colors were waving in all directions, and the general aspect was peaceful and contented. I saw no bullet-marks or other sign of the fighting which had gone on in the streets. The Colonel's lady was taken in charge by a daughter of that hospitable family to which we had been commended by its head, and I proceeded to inquire for wounded officers at the various temporary hospitals.

At the United States Hotel, where many were lying, I heard mention of an officer in an upper chamber,

and, going there, found Lieutenant Abbott, of the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers, lying ill with what looked like typhoid fever. While there, who should come in but the almost ubiquitous Lieutenant Wilkins, of the same Twentieth, whom I had met repeatedly before on errands of kindness or duty, and who was just from the battle-ground. He was going to Boston in charge of the body of the lamented Dr. Revere, the Assistant Surgeon of the regiment, killed on the field. From his lips I learned something of the mishaps of the regiment. My Captain's wound he spoke of as less grave than at first thought; but he mentioned incidentally having heard a story recently that he was *killed*, — a fiction, doubtless, — a mistake, — a palpable absurdity, — not to be remembered or made any account of. Oh, no! but what dull ache is this in that obscurely sensitive region, somewhere below the heart, where the nervous centre called the *semi-lunar ganglion* lies unconscious of itself until a great grief or a mastering anxiety reaches it through all the non-conductors which isolate it from ordinary impressions? I talked a while with Lieutenant Abbott, who lay prostrate, feeble, but soldier-like and uncomplaining, carefully waited upon by a most excellent lady, a captain's wife, New England born, loyal as the Liberty on a golden ten-dollar piece, and of lofty bearing enough to have sat for that goddess's portrait. She had stayed in Frederick through the Rebel inroad, and kept the star-spangled banner where it would be safe, to unroll it as the last Rebel hoofs clattered off from the pavement of the town.

Near by Lieutenant Abbott was an unhappy gentleman, occupying a small chamber, and filling it with his troubles. When he gets well and plump, I know

he will forgive me if I confess that I could not help smiling in the midst of my sympathy for him. He had been a well-favored man, he said, sweeping his hand in a semicircle, which implied that his acute-angled countenance had once filled the goodly curve he described. He was now a perfect Don Quixote to look upon. Weakness had made him querulous, as it does all of us, and he piped his grievances to me in a thin voice, with that finish of detail which chronic invalidism alone can command. He was starving, — he could not get what he wanted to eat. He was in need of stimulants, and he held up a pitiful two-ounce phial containing three thimblefuls of brandy, — his whole stock of that encouraging article. Him I consoled to the best of my ability, and afterwards, in some slight measure, supplied his wants. Feed this poor gentleman up, as these good people soon will, and I should not know him, nor he himself. We are all egotists in sickness and debility. An animal has been defined as "a stomach ministered to by organs"; and the greatest man comes very near this simple formula after a month or two of fever and starvation.

James Grayden and his team pleased me well enough, and so I made a bargain with him to take us, the lady and myself, on our further journey as far as Middletown. As we were about starting from the front of the United States Hotel, two gentlemen presented themselves and expressed a wish to be allowed to share our conveyance. I looked at them and convinced myself that they were neither Rebels in disguise, nor deserters, nor camp-followers, nor miscreants, but plain, honest men on a proper errand. The first of them I will pass over briefly. He was a young man of mild and modest demeanor, chaplain to a

Pennsylvania regiment, which he was going to rejoin. He belonged to the Moravian Church, of which I had the misfortune to know little more than what I had learned from Southey's *Life of Wesley*, and from the exquisite hymns we have borrowed from its rhapsodists. The other stranger was a New Englander of respectable appearance, with a grave, hard, honest, hay-bearded face, who had come to serve the sick and wounded on the battlefield and in its immediate neighborhood. There is no reason why I should not mention his name, but I shall content myself with calling him the Philanthropist.

So we set forth, the sturdy wagon, the serviceable bays, with James Grayden their driver, the gentle lady, whose serene patience bore up through all delays and discomforts, the Chaplain, the Philanthropist, and myself, the teller of this story.

And now, as we emerged from Frederick, we struck at once upon the trail from the great battlefield. The road was filled with straggling and wounded soldiers. All who could travel on foot — multitudes with slight wounds of the upper limbs, the head, or face — were told to take up their beds — a light burden or none at all — and walk. Just as the battlefield sucks everything into its red vortex for the conflict, so does it drive everything off in long, diverging rays after the fierce centripetal forces have met and neutralized each other. For more than a week there had been sharp fighting all along this road. Through the streets of Frederick, through Crampton's Gap, over South Mountain, sweeping at last the hills and the woods that skirt the windings of the Antietam, the long battle had travelled, like one of those tornadoes which tear their path through our fields and

villages. The slain of higher condition, "embalmed" and iron-cased, were sliding off on the railways to their far homes; the dead of the rank and file were being gathered up and committed hastily to the earth; the gravely wounded were cared for hard by the scene of conflict, or pushed a little way along to the neighboring villages; while those who could walk were meeting us, as I have said, at every step in the road. It was a pitiable sight, truly pitiable, yet so vast, so far beyond the possibility of relief, that many single sorrows of small dimensions have wrought upon my feelings more than the sight of this great caravan of maimed pilgrims. The companionship of so many seemed to make a joint-stock of their suffering; it was next to impossible to individualize it, and so bring it home, as one can do with a single broken limb or aching wound. Then they were all of the male sex, and in the freshness or the prime of their strength. Though they tramped so wearily along, yet there was rest and kind nursing in store for them. These wounds they bore would be the medals they would show their children and grandchildren by and by. Who would not rather wear his decorations beneath his uniform than on it?

Yet among them were figures which arrested our attention and sympathy. Delicate boys, with more spirit than strength, flushed with fever or pale with exhaustion or haggard with suffering, dragged their weary limbs along as if each step would exhaust their slender store of strength. At the roadside sat or lay others, quite spent with their journey. Here and there was a house at which the wayfarers would stop, in the hope, I fear often vain, of getting refreshment; and in one place was a clear, cool spring, where the

little bands of the long procession halted for a few moments, as the trains that traverse the desert rest by its fountains. My companions had brought a few peaches along with them, which the Philanthropist bestowed upon the tired and thirsty soldiers with a satisfaction which we all shared. I had with me a small flask of strong waters, to be used as a medicine in case of inward grief. From this, also, he dispensed relief, without hesitation, to a poor fellow who looked as if he needed it. I rather admired the simplicity with which he applied my limited means of solace to the first comer who wanted it more than I; a genuine benevolent impulse does not stand on ceremony, and had I perished of colic for want of a stimulus that night, I should not have reproached my friend the Philanthropist, any more than I grudged my other ardent friend the two dollars and more which it cost me to send the charitable message he left in my hands.

It was a lovely country through which we were riding. The hillsides rolled away into the distance, slanting up fair and broad to the sun, as one sees them in the open parts of the Berkshire Valley, at Lanesborough, for instance, or in the many-hued mountain chalice at the bottom of which the Shaker houses of Lebanon have shaped themselves like a sediment of cubical crystals. The wheat was all garnered, and the land ploughed for a new crop. There was Indian corn standing, but I saw no pumpkins warming their yellow carapaces in the sunshine like so many turtles; only in a single instance did I notice some wretched little miniature specimens in form and hue not unlike those colossal oranges of our cornfields. The rail fences were somewhat disturbed, and the cinders of extinguished fires showed the use to which they had

been applied. The houses along the road were not for the most part neatly kept; the garden fences were poorly built of laths or long slats, and very rarely of trim aspect. The men of this region seemed to ride in the saddle very generally, rather than drive. They looked sober and stern, less curious and lively than Yankees, and I fancied that a type of features familiar to us in the countenance of the late John Tyler, our accidental President, was frequently met with. The women were still more distinguishable from our New England pattern. Soft, sallow, succulent, delicately finished about the mouth and firmly shaped about the chin, dark-eyed, full-throated, they looked as if they had been grown in a land of olives. There was a little toss in their movement, full of muliebrity. I fancied there was something more of the duck and less of the chicken about them, as compared with the daughters of our leaner soil; but these are mere impressions caught from stray glances, and if there is any offence in them, my fair readers may consider them all retracted.

At intervals, a dead horse lay by the roadside, or in the fields, unburied, not grateful to gods or men. I saw no bird of prey, no ill-omened fowl, on my way to the carnival of death, or at the place where it had been held. The vulture of story, the crow of Talavera, the "two corbies" of the ghastly ballad, are all from Nature, doubtless; but no black wing was spread over these animal ruins, and no call to the banquet pierced through the heavy-laden and sickening air.

Full in the middle of the road, caring little for whom or what they met, came long strings of army wagons, returning empty from the front after supplies. James Grayden stated it as his conviction that they

had a little rather run into a fellow than not. I liked the looks of these equipages and their drivers; they meant business. Drawn by mules mostly, six, I think, to a wagon, powdered well with dust, wagon, beasts, and driver, they came jogging along the road, turning neither to right nor left, — some driven by bearded, solemn white men, some by careless, saucy-looking negroes, of a blackness like that of anthracite or obsidian. There seemed to be nothing about them, dead or alive, that was not serviceable. Sometimes a mule would give out on the road; then he was left where he lay, until by and by he would think better of it and get up, when the first public wagon that came along would hitch him on, and restore him to the sphere of duty.

It was evening when we got to Middletown. The gentle lady who had graced our homely conveyance with her company here left us. She found her husband, the gallant Colonel, in very comfortable quarters, well cared for, very weak from the effects of the fearful operation he had been compelled to undergo, but showing calm courage to endure as he had shown manly energy to act. It was a meeting full of heroism and tenderness, of which I heard more than there is need to tell. Health to the brave soldier, and peace to the household over which so fair a spirit presides!

Dr. Thompson, the very active and intelligent surgical director of the hospitals of the place, took me in charge. He carried me to the house of a worthy and benevolent clergyman of the German Reformed Church, where I was to take tea and pass the night. What became of the Moravian chaplain I did not know; but my friend the Philanthropist had evidently

made up his mind to adhere to my fortunes. He followed me, therefore, to the house of the "Dominie," as a newspaper correspondent calls my kind host, and partook of the fare there furnished me. He withdrew with me to the apartment assigned for my slumbers, and slept sweetly on the same pillow where I waked and tossed. Nay, I do affirm that he did, unconsciously, I believe, encroach on that moiety of the couch which I had flattered myself was to be my own through the watches of the night, and that I was in serious doubt at one time whether I should not be gradually, but irresistibly, expelled from the bed which I had supposed destined for my sole possession. As Ruth clave unto Naomi, so my friend the Philanthropist clave unto me. "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge." A really kind, good man, full of zeal, determined to help somebody, and absorbed in his one thought, he doubted nobody's willingness to serve him, going, as he was, on a purely benevolent errand. When he reads this, as I hope he will, let him be assured of my esteem and respect; and if he gained any accommodation from being in my company, let me tell him that I learned a lesson from his active benevolence. I could, however, have wished to hear him laugh once before we parted, perhaps forever. He did not, to the best of my recollection, even smile during the whole period that we were in company. I am afraid that a light-some disposition and a relish for humor are not so common in those whose benevolence takes an active turn as in people of sentiment, who are always ready with their tears and abounding in passionate expressions of sympathy. Working philanthropy is a practical specialty, requiring not a mere impulse, but a

talent, with its peculiar sagacity for finding its objects, a tact for selecting its agencies, an organizing and arranging faculty, a steady set of nerves, and a constitution such as Sallust describes in Catiline, patient of cold, of hunger, and of watching. Philanthropists are commonly grave, occasionally grim, and not very rarely morose. Their expansive social force is imprisoned as a working power, to show itself only through its legitimate pistons and cranks. The tighter the boiler, the less it whistles and sings at its work. When Dr. Waterhouse,¹ in 1780, travelled with Howard, on his tour among the Dutch prisons and hospitals, he found his temper and manners very different from what would have been expected.

My benevolent companion having already made a preliminary exploration of the hospitals of the place, before sharing my bed with him, as above mentioned, I joined him in a second tour through them. The authorities of Middletown are evidently leagued with the surgeons of that place, for such a break-neck succession of pitfalls and chasms I have never seen in the streets of a civilized town. It was getting late in the evening when we began our rounds. The principal collections of the wounded were in the churches. Boards were laid over the tops of the pews, on these some straw was spread, and on this the wounded lay, with little or no covering other than such scanty clothes as they had on. There were wounds of all degrees of severity, but I heard no groans or murmurs. Most of the sufferers were hurt in the limbs, some had undergone amputation, and all had, I presume, received such

¹ Dr. Waterhouse was an American physician, living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, who was the first to introduce vaccination into this country.

attention as was required. Still, it was but a rough and dreary kind of comfort that the extemporized hospitals suggested. I could not help thinking the patients must be cold; but they were used to camp life, and did not complain. The men who watched were not of the soft-handed variety of the race. One of them was smoking his pipe as he went from bed to bed. I saw one poor fellow who had been shot through the breast; his breathing was labored, and he was tossing, anxious and restless. The men were debating about the opiate he was to take, and I was thankful that I happened there at the right moment to see that he was well narcotized for the night. Was it possible that my Captain could be lying on the straw in one of these places? Certainly possible, but not probable; but as the lantern was held over each bed, it was with a kind of thrill that I looked upon the features it illuminated. Many times as I went from hospital to hospital in my wanderings, I started at some faint resemblance—the shade of a young man's hair, the outline of his half-turned face—recalled the presence I was in search of. The face would turn towards me, and the momentary illusion would pass away, but still the fancy clung to me. There was no figure huddled up on its rude couch, none stretched at the roadside, none toiling languidly along the dusty pike, none passing in car or in ambulance, that I did not scrutinize, as if it might be that for which I was making my pilgrimage to the battlefield.

"There are two wounded Secesh," said my companion. I walked to the bedside of the first, who was an officer, a lieutenant, if I remember right, from North Carolina. He was of good family, son of a judge in one of the higher courts of his State, educated, pleasant,

gentle, intelligent. One moment's intercourse with such an enemy, lying helpless and wounded among strangers, takes away all personal bitterness towards those with whom we or our children have been but a few hours before in deadly strife. The basest lie which the murderous contrivers of this Rebellion have told is that which tries to make out a difference of race in the men of the North and South. It would be worth a year of battles to abolish this delusion, though the great sponge of war that wiped it out were moistened with the best blood of the land. My Rebel was of slight scholastic habit, and spoke as one accustomed to tread carefully among the parts of speech. It made my heart ache to see him, a man finished in the humanities and Christian culture, whom the sin of his forefathers and the crime of his rulers had set in barbarous conflict against others of like training with his own, — a man who, but for the curse which our generation is called on to expiate, would have taken his part in the beneficent task of shaping the intelligence and lifting the moral standard of a peaceful and united people.

On Sunday morning, the twenty-first, having engaged James Grayden and his team, I set out with the Chaplain and the Philanthropist for Keedysville. Our track lay through the South Mountain Gap, and led us first to the town of Boonsborough, where, it will be remembered, Colonel Dwight had been brought after the battle. We saw the positions occupied in the battle of South Mountain, and many traces of the conflict. In one situation a group of young trees was marked with shot, hardly one having escaped. As we walked by the side of the wagon, the Philanthropist left us for a while and climbed a hill, where, along the line of a

fence, he found traces of the most desperate fighting. A ride of some three hours brought us to Boonsborough, where I roused the unfortunate army surgeon who had charge of the hospitals, and who was trying to get a little sleep after his fatigues and watchings. He bore his cross very creditably, and helped me to explore all places where my soldier might be lying among the crowds of wounded. After the useless search, I resumed my journey, fortified with a note of introduction to Dr. Letterman; also with a bale of oakum which I was to carry to that gentleman, this substance being employed as a substitute for lint. We were obliged also to procure a pass to Keedysville from the Provost Marshal of Boonsborough. As we came near the place, we learned that General McClellan's headquarters had been removed from this village some miles farther to the front.

On entering the small settlement of Keedysville, a familiar face and figure blocked the way, like one of Bunyan's giants. The tall form and benevolent countenance, set off by long, flowing hair, belonged to the excellent Major Frank B. Fay of Chelsea, who, like my Philanthropist, only still more promptly, had come to succor the wounded of the great battle. It was wonderful to see how his single personality pervaded this torpid little village; he seemed to be the centre of all its activities. All my questions he answered clearly and decisively, as one who knew everything that was going on in the place. But the one question I had come five hundred miles to ask — *Where is Captain H.?* — he could not answer. There were some thousands of wounded in the place, he told me, scattered about everywhere. It would be a long job to hunt up my Captain; the only way would be to go

to every house and ask for him. Just then a medical officer came up.

"Do you know anything of Captain H. of the Massachusetts Twentieth?"

"Oh yes; he is staying in that house. I saw him there, doing very well."

A chorus of hallelujahs arose in my soul, but I kept them to myself. Now, then, for our twice-wounded volunteer, our young centurion whose double-barred shoulder-straps we have never yet looked upon. Let us observe the proprieties, however; no swelling upward of the mother,¹ — no *hysterica passio*, — we do not like scenes. A calm salutation, — then swallow and hold hard. That is about the programme.

A cottage of squared logs, filled in with plaster, and whitewashed. A little yard before it, with a gate swinging. The door of the cottage ajar, — no one visible as yet. I push open the door and enter. An old woman, *Margaret Kitzmuller* her name proves to be, is the first person I see.

"Captain H. here?"

"Oh no, sir, — left yesterday morning for Hagerstown, — in a milk-cart."

The Kitzmuller is a beady-eyed, cheery-looking, ancient woman, answers questions with a rising inflection, and gives a good account of the Captain, who got into the vehicle without assistance, and was in excellent spirits. Of course he had struck for Hagerstown as the terminus of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, and was on his way to Philadelphia, *viâ* Chambersburg and Harrisburg, if he were not already in the hospitable home of Walnut Street, where his friends were expecting him.

¹ An obsolete term for the hysterical disposition which sometimes seizes one in a moment of extreme agitation.

I might follow on his track, or return upon my own ; the distance was the same to Philadelphia through Harrisburg as through Baltimore. But it was very difficult, Mr. Fay told me, to procure any kind of conveyance to Hagerstown ; and, on the other hand, I had James Grayden and his wagon to carry me back to Frederick. It was not likely that I should overtake the object of my pursuit with nearly thirty-six hours start, even if I could procure a conveyance that day. In the mean time James was getting impatient to be on his return, according to the direction of his employers. So I decided to go back with him.

But there was the great battlefield only about three miles from Keedysville, and it was impossible to go without seeing that. James Grayden's directions were peremptory, but it was a case for the higher law. I must make a good offer for an extra couple of hours, such as would satisfy the owners of the wagon, and enforce it by a personal motive. I did this handsomely, and succeeded without difficulty. To add brilliancy to my enterprise, I invited the Chaplain and the Philanthropist to take a free passage with me.

We followed the road through the village for a space, then turned off to the right, and wandered somewhat vaguely, for want of precise directions, over the hills. Inquiring as we went, we forded a wide creek in which soldiers were washing their clothes, the name of which we did not then know, but which must have been the Antietam. At one point we met a party, women among them, bringing off various trophies they had picked up on the battlefield. Still wandering along, we were at last pointed to a hill in the distance, a part of the summit of which was covered with Indian corn. There, we were told, some of

the fiercest fighting of the day had been done. The fences were taken down so-as to make a passage across the fields, and the tracks worn within the last few days looked like old roads. We passed a fresh grave under a tree near the road. A board was nailed to the tree, bearing the name, as well as I could make it out, of Gardiner, of a New Hampshire regiment.

On coming near the brow of a hill, we met a party carrying picks and spades. "How many?" "Only one." The dead were nearly all buried, then, in this region of the field of strife. We stopped the wagon, and, getting out, began to look around us. Hard by was a large pile of muskets, scores, if not hundreds, which had been picked up and were guarded for the Government. A long ridge of fresh gravel rose before us. A board stuck up in front of it bore this inscription, the first part of which was, I believe, not correct: "The Rebel General Anderson and 80 Rebels are buried in this hole." Other smaller ridges were marked with the number of dead lying under them. The whole ground was strewn with fragments of clothing, haversacks, canteens, cap-boxes, bullets, cartridge-boxes, cartridges, scraps of paper, portions of bread and meat. I saw two soldiers' caps that looked as though their owners had been shot through the head. In several places I noticed dark red patches where a pool of blood had curdled and caked, as some poor fellow poured his life out on the sod. I then wandered about in the cornfield. It surprised me to notice, that, though there was every mark of hard fighting having taken place here, the Indian corn was not generally trodden down. One of our cornfields is a kind of forest, and even when fighting, men avoid the tall stalks as if they were trees. At the edge of

this cornfield lay a gray horse, said to have belonged to a Rebel colonel, who was killed near the same place. Not far off were two dead artillery horses in their harness. Another had been attended to by a burying-party, who had thrown some earth over him ; but his last bedclothes were too short, and his legs stuck out stark and stiff from beneath the gravel coverlet. It was a great pity that we had no intelligent guide to explain to us the position of that portion of the two armies which fought over this ground. There was a shallow trench before we came to the cornfield, too narrow for a road, as I should think, too elevated for a watercourse, and which seemed to have been used as a rifle-pit. At any rate, there had been hard fighting in and about it. This and the cornfield may serve to identify the part of the ground we visited, if any who fought there should ever look over this paper. The opposing tides of battle must have blended their waves at this point, for portions of gray uniform were mingled with the "garments rolled in blood" torn from our own dead and wounded soldiers. I picked up a Rebel canteen, and one of our own, — but there was something repulsive about the trodden and stained relics of the stale battlefield. It was like the table of some hideous orgy left uncleared, and one turned away disgusted from its broken fragments and muddy heel-taps. A bullet or two, a button, a brass plate from a soldier's belt, served well enough for mementos of my visit, with a letter which I picked up, directed to Richmond, Virginia, its seal unbroken. "N. C. Cleveland County. E. Wright to J. Wright." On the other side, "A few lines from W. L. Vaughn," who has just been writing for the wife to her husband, and continues on his own account. The postscript, "tell John

that nancy's folks are all well and has a verry good Little Crop of corn a growing." I wonder, if, by one of those strange chances of which I have seen so many, this number or leaf of the *Atlantic* will not sooner or later find its way to Cleveland County, North Carolina, and E. Wright, widow of James Wright, and Nancy's folks, get from these sentences the last glimpse of husband and friend as he threw up his arms and fell in the bloody cornfield of Antietam? I will keep this stained letter for them until peace comes back, if it comes in my time, and my pleasant North Carolina Rebel of the Middletown Hospital will, perhaps, look these poor people up, and tell them where to send for it.

On the battlefield I parted with my two companions, the Chaplain and the Philanthropist. They were going to the front, the one to find his regiment, the other to look for those who needed his assistance. We exchanged cards and farewells, I mounted the wagon, the horses' heads were turned homewards, my two companions went their way, and I saw them no more. On my way back I fell into talk with James Grayden. Born in England, Lancashire; in this country since he was four years old. Had nothing to care for but an old mother; did n't know what he should do if he lost her. Though so long in this country, he had all the simplicity and childlike light-heartedness which belong to the Old World's people. He laughed at the smallest pleasantry, and showed his great white English teeth; he took a joke without retorting by an impertinence; he had a very limited curiosity about all that was going on; he had small store of information; he lived chiefly in his horses, it seemed to me. His quiet animal nature acted as a pleasing anodyne to my re-

curring fits of anxiety, and I liked his frequent "'Deed I don't know, sir," better than I have sometimes relished the large discourse of professors and other very wise men.

I have not much to say of the road which we were travelling for the second time. Reaching Middletown, my first call was on the wounded Colonel and his lady. She gave me a most touching account of all the suffering he had gone through with his shattered limb before he succeeded in finding a shelter; showing the terrible want of proper means of transportation of the wounded after the battle. It occurred to me, while at this house, that I was more or less famished, and for the first time in my life I begged for a meal, which the kind family with whom the Colonel was staying most graciously furnished me.

After tea, there came in a stout army surgeon, a Highlander by birth, educated in Edinburgh, with whom I had a pleasant, not unstimulating talk. He had been brought very close to that immane and nefarious Burke-and-Hare business which made the blood of civilization run cold in the year 1828, and told me, in a very calm way, with an occasional pinch from the mull to refresh his memory, some of the details of those frightful murders, never rivalled in horror until the wretch Dumollard, who kept a private cemetery for his victims, was dragged into the light of day. He had a good deal to say, too, about the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh, and the famous preparations, mercurial and the rest, which I remember well having seen there,—the "*sudabit multum*," and others,—also of our New York Professor Carnochan's handiwork, a specimen of which I once admired at the New York College. But the

doctor was not in a happy frame of mind, and seemed willing to forget the present in the past: things went wrong, somehow, and the time was out of joint with him.

Dr. Thompson, kind, cheerful, companionable, offered me half his own wide bed, in the house of Dr. Baer, for my second night in Middletown. Here I lay awake again another night. Close to the house stood an ambulance in which was a wounded Rebel officer, attended by one of their own surgeons. He was calling out in a loud voice, all night long, as it seemed to me, "Doctor! Doctor! Driver! Water!" in loud, complaining tones, I have no doubt of real suffering, but in strange contrast with the silent patience which was the almost universal rule.

The courteous Dr. Thompson will let me tell here an odd coincidence, trivial, but having its interest as one of a series. The Doctor and myself lay in the bed, and a lieutenant, a friend of his, slept on the sofa. At night I placed my match-box, a Scotch one, of the Macpherson-plaid pattern, which I bought years ago, on the bureau, just where I could put my hand upon it. I was the last of the three to rise in the morning, and on looking for my pretty match-box I found it was gone. This was rather awkward, — not on account of the loss, but of the unavoidable fact that one of my fellow-lodgers must have taken it. I must try to find out what it meant.

"By the way, Doctor, have you seen anything of a little plaid-pattern match-box?"

The Doctor put his hand into his pocket, and, to his own huge surprise and my great gratification, pulled out *two* match-boxes exactly alike, both printed with the Macpherson plaid. One was his, the other mine,

which he had seen lying round and naturally took for his own, thrusting it into his pocket, where it found its twin-brother from the same workshop. In memory of which event we exchanged boxes, like two Homeric heroes.

This curious coincidence illustrates well enough some supposed cases of *plagiarism* of which I will mention one where my name figured. When a little poem called *The Two Streams*¹ was first printed, a writer in the *New York Evening Post* virtually accused the author of it of borrowing the thought from a baccalaureate sermon of President Hopkins of Williamstown,

¹ For the convenience of readers, this poem of Dr. Holmes is here appended.

THE TWO STREAMS.

Behold the rocky wall,
That down its sloping sides
Pours the swift raindrops, blending, as they fall,
In rushing river tides!

Yon stream, whose sources run
Turned by a pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends, —

From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee, —
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the Peaceful Sea!

and printed a quotation from that discourse, which, as I thought, a thief or catchpoll might well consider as establishing a fair presumption that it was so borrowed. I was at the same time wholly unconscious of ever having met with the discourse or the sentence which the verses were most like, nor do I believe I ever had seen or heard either. Some time after this, happening to meet my eloquent cousin, Wendell Phillips, I mentioned the fact to him, and he told me that *he* had once used the special image said to be borrowed, in a discourse delivered at Williamstown. On relating this to my friend Mr. Buchanan Read, he informed me that *he* too, had used the image, — perhaps referring to his poem called *The Twins*. He thought Tennyson had used it also. The parting of the streams on the Alps is poetically elaborated in a passage attributed to "M. Loisne," printed in the *Boston Evening Transcript* for October 23, 1859. Captain, afterwards Sir Francis Head, speaks of the showers parting on the Cordilleras, one portion going to the Atlantic, one to the Pacific. I found the image running loose in my mind, without a halter. It suggested itself as an illustration of the will, and I worked the poem out by the aid of Mitchell's School Atlas. — The spores of a great many ideas are floating about in the atmosphere. We no more know where all the growths of our mind came from, than where the lichens which eat the names off from the gravestones borrowed the germs that gave them birth. The two match-boxes were just alike, but neither was a plagiarism.

In the morning I took to the same wagon once more, but, instead of James Grayden, I was to have for my driver a young man who spelt his name "Phil

lip Ottenheimer," and whose features at once showed him to be an Israelite. I found him agreeable enough and disposed to talk. So I asked him many questions about his religion, and got some answers that sound strangely in Christian ears. He was from Wittenberg, and had been educated in strict Jewish fashion. From his childhood he had read Hebrew, but was not much of a scholar otherwise. A young person of his race lost caste utterly by marrying a Christian. The Founder of our religion was considered by the Israelites to have been "a right smart man and a great doctor." But the horror with which the reading of the New Testament by any young person of their faith would be regarded was as great, I judged by his language, as that of one of our straitest sectaries would be, if he found his son or daughter perusing the *Age of Reason*.¹

In approaching Frederick, the singular beauty of its clustered spires struck me very much, so that I was not surprised to find "Fair-View" laid down about this point on a railroad map. I wish some wandering photographer would take a picture of the place, a stereoscopic one, if possible, to show how gracefully, how charmingly, its group of steeples nestles among the Maryland hills. The town had a poetical look from a distance, as if seers and dreamers might dwell there. The first sign I read, on entering its long street, might perhaps be considered as confirming my remote impression. It bore these words: "Miss Ogle, Past, Present, and Future." On arriving, I visited Lieutenant Abbott, and the attenuated unhappy gentleman, his neighbor, sharing between them as my parting

¹ A work by Thomas Paine, which had great celebrity at one time as an attack on Christianity.

gift what I had left of the balsam known to the Pharmacopœia as *Spiritus Vini Gallici*.¹ I took advantage of General Shriver's always open door to write a letter home, but had not time to partake of his offered hospitality. The railroad bridge over the Monocacy had been rebuilt since I passed through Frederick, and we trundled along over the track toward Baltimore.

It was a disappointment, on reaching the Eutaw House, where I had ordered all communications to be addressed, to find no telegraphic message from Philadelphia or Boston, stating that Captain H. had arrived at the former place, "wound doing well in good spirits expects to leave soon for Boston." After all, it was no great matter; the Captain was, no doubt, snugly lodged before this in the house called Beautiful, at * * * * Walnut Street, where that "grave and beautiful damsel named Discretion" had already welcomed him, smiling, though "the water stood in her eyes," and had "called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who, after a little more discourse with him, had him into the family."²

The friends I had met at the Eutaw House had all gone but one, the lady of an officer from Boston, who was most amiable and agreeable, and whose benevolence, as I afterwards learned, soon reached the invalids I had left suffering at Frederick. General Wool still walked the corridors, inexpansive, with Fort McHenry on his shoulders, and Baltimore in his breeches-pocket, and his courteous aid again pressed upon me his kind offices. About the doors of the hotel the newsboys cried the papers in plaintive, wailing

¹ Brandy.

² Dr. Holmes is drawing upon his remembrance of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

tones, as different from the sharp accents of their Boston counterparts as a sigh from the southwest is from a northeastern breeze. To understand what they said was of course impossible to any but an educated ear, and if I made out "Stöarr" and "Clipp'rr," it was because I knew beforehand what must be the burden of their advertising coranach.

I set out for Philadelphia on the morrow, Tuesday the twenty-third, there beyond question to meet my Captain, once more united to his brave wounded companions under that roof which covers a household of as noble hearts as ever throbbed with human sympathies. Back River, Bush River, Gunpowder Creek, — lives there the man with soul so dead that his memory has cerements to wrap up these senseless names in the same envelopes with their meaningless localities? But the Susquehanna, — the broad, the beautiful, the historical, the poetical Susquehanna, — the river of Wyoming and of Gertrude, dividing the shores where

"Aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town," — ¹

did not my heart renew its allegiance to the poet who has made it lovely to the imagination as well as to the eye, and so identified his fame with the noble stream that it "rolls mingling with his fame forever"? The prosaic traveller perhaps remembers it better from the fact that a great sea-monster, in the shape of a steam-boat, takes him, sitting in the car, on its back, and swims across with him like Arion's dolphin, — also that mercenary men on board offer him canvas-backs in the season, and ducks of lower degree at other periods.

At Philadelphia again at last! Drive fast, O col-

¹ *Gertrude of Wyoming*, by Thomas Campbell, i. 2.

ored man and brother, to the house called Beautiful, where my Captain lies sore wounded, waiting for the sound of the chariot-wheels which bring to his bedside the face and the voice nearer than any save one to his heart in this his hour of pain and weakness! Up a long street with white shutters and white steps to all the houses. Off at right angles into another long street with white shutters and white steps to all the houses. Off again at another right angle into still another long street with white shutters and white steps to all the houses. The natives of this city pretend to know one street from another by some individual differences of aspect; but the best way for a stranger to distinguish the streets he has been in from others is to make a cross or other mark on the white shutters.

This corner-house is the one. Ring softly, — for the Lieutenant-Colonel lies there with a dreadfully wounded arm, and two sons of the family, one wounded like the Colonel, one fighting with death in the fog of a typhoid fever, will start with fresh pangs at the least sound you can make. I entered the house, but no cheerful smile met me. The sufferers were each of them thought to be in a critical condition. The fourth bed, waiting its tenant day after day, was still empty. *Not a word from my Captain.*

Then, foolish, fond body that I was, my heart sank within me. Had he been taken ill on the road, perhaps been attacked with those formidable symptoms which sometimes come on suddenly after wounds that seemed to be doing well enough, and was his life ebbing away in some lonely cottage, nay, in some cold barn or shed, or at the wayside, unknown, uncared for? Somewhere between Philadelphia and Hagerstown, if not at the latter town, he must be, at any

rate. I must sweep the hundred and eighty miles between these places as one would sweep a chamber where a precious pearl had been dropped. I must have a companion in my search, partly to help me look about, and partly because I was getting nervous and felt lonely. *Charley* said he would go with me, — *Charley*, my Captain's beloved friend, gentle, but full of spirit and liveliness, cultivated, social, affectionate, a good talker, a most agreeable letter-writer, observing, with large relish of life, and keen sense of humor. He was not well enough to go, some of the timid ones said; but he answered by packing his carpet-bag, and in an hour or two we were on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad in full blast for Harrisburg.

I should have been a forlorn creature but for the presence of my companion. In his delightful company I half forgot my anxieties, which, exaggerated as they may seem now, were not unnatural after what I had seen of the confusion and distress that had followed the great battle, nay, which seem almost justified by the recent statement that "high officers" were buried after that battle whose names were never ascertained. I noticed little matters, as usual. The road was filled in between the rails with cracked stones, such as are used for macadamizing streets. They keep the dust down, I suppose, for I could not think of any other use for them. By and by the glorious valley which stretches along through Chester and Lancaster counties opened upon us. Much as I had heard of the fertile regions of Pennsylvania, the vast scale and the uniform luxuriance of this region astonished me. The grazing pastures were so green, the fields were under such perfect culture, the cattle looked so sleek, the houses were so comfortable, the

barns so ample, the fences so well kept, that I did not wonder when I was told that this region was called the England of Pennsylvania. The people whom we saw were, like the cattle, well nourished; the young women looked round and wholesome.

"*Grass makes girls,*" I said to my companion, and left him to work out my Orphic saying, thinking to myself, that as guano makes grass, it was a legitimate conclusion that Ichaboe must be a nursery of female loveliness.

As the train stopped at the different stations, I inquired at each if they had any wounded officers. None as yet; the red rays of the battlefield had not streamed off so far as this. Evening found us in the cars; they lighted candles in spring-candlesticks; odd enough I thought it in the land of oil-wells and unmeasured floods of kerosene. Some fellows turned up the back of a seat so as to make it horizontal, and began gambling, or pretending to gamble; it looked as if they were trying to pluck a young countryman; but appearances are deceptive, and no deeper stake than "drinks for the crowd" seemed at last to be involved. But remembering that murder has tried of late years to establish itself as an institution in the cars, I was less tolerant of the doings of these "sportsmen" who tried to turn our public conveyance into a travelling Frascati. They acted as if they were used to it, and nobody seemed to pay much attention to their manœuvres.

We arrived at Harrisburg in the course of the evening, and attempted to find our way to the Jones House, to which we had been commended. By some mistake, intentional on the part of somebody, as it may have been, or purely accidental, we went to the Herr House

instead. I entered my name in the book with that of my companion. A plain, middle-aged man stepped up, read it to himself in low tones, and coupled to it a literary title by which I have been sometimes known. He proved to be a graduate of Brown University, and had heard a certain Phi Beta Kappa poem delivered there a good many years ago. I remembered it, too; Professor Goddard, whose sudden and singular death left such lasting regret, was the Orator. I recollect that while I was speaking a drum went by the church, and how I was disgusted to see all the heads near the windows thrust out of them, as if the building were on fire. *Cedat armis toga*.¹ The clerk in the office, a mild, pensive, unassuming young man, was very polite in his manners, and did all he could to make us comfortable. He was of a literary turn, and knew one of his guests in his character of author. At tea, a mild old gentleman, with white hair and beard, sat next us. He, too, had come hunting after his son, a lieutenant in a Pennsylvania regiment. Of these, father and son, more presently.

After tea we went to look up Dr. Wilson, chief medical officer of the hospitals in the place, who was staying at the Brady House. A magnificent old toddy-mixer, Bardolphian² in hue, and stern of aspect, as all grog-dispensers must be, accustomed as they are to dive through the features of men to the bottom of their souls and pockets to see whether they are solvent to the amount of sixpence, answered my question by a wave of one hand, the other being engaged in carrying a dram to his lips. His superb

¹ Let the scholar's gown give way to the soldier's arms.

² See Shakspeare's *King Henry the Fourth*, *King Henry the Fifth*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*

indifference gratified my artistic feeling more than it wounded my personal sensibilities. Anything really superior in its line claims my homage, and this man was the ideal bartender, above all vulgar passions, untouched by commonplace sympathies, himself a lover of the liquid happiness he dispenses, and filled with a fine scorn of all those lesser felicities conferred by love or fame or wealth or any of the roundabout agencies for which his fiery elixir is the cheap, all-powerful substitute.

Dr. Wilson was in bed, though it was early in the evening, not having slept for I don't know how many nights.

"Take my card up to him, if you please."

"This way, sir."

A man who has not slept for a fortnight or so is not expected to be as affable, when attacked in his bed, as a French princess of old time at her morning receptions. Dr. Wilson turned toward me, as I entered, without effusion, but without rudeness. His thick, dark moustache was chopped off square at the lower edge of the upper lip, which implied a decisive if not a peremptory style of character.

I am Dr. So-and-So of Hubtown, looking after my wounded son. (I gave my name and said *Boston*, of course, in reality.)

Dr. Wilson leaned on his elbow and looked up in my face, his features growing cordial. Then he put out his hand, and good-humoredly excused his reception of me. The day before, as he told me, he had dismissed from the service a medical man hailing from *****, Pennsylvania, bearing my last name, preceded by the same two initials; and he supposed, when my card came up, it was this individual who

was disturbing his slumbers. The coincidence was so unlikely *a priori*, unless some forlorn parent without antecedents had named a child after me, that I could not help cross-questioning the Doctor, who assured me deliberately that the fact was just as he had said, even to the somewhat unusual initials. Dr. Wilson very kindly furnished me all the information in his power, gave me directions for telegraphing to Chambersburg, and showed every disposition to serve me.

On returning to the Herr House, we found the mild, white-haired old gentleman in a very happy state. He had just discovered his son, in a comfortable condition, at the United States Hotel. He thought that he could probably give us some information which would prove interesting. To the United States Hotel we repaired, then, in company with our kind-hearted old friend, who evidently wanted to see me as happy as himself. He went up-stairs to his son's chamber, and presently came down to conduct us there.

Lieutenant P——, of the Pennsylvania ——th, was a very fresh, bright-looking young man, lying in bed from the effects of a recent injury received in action. A grape-shot, after passing through a post and a board, had struck him in the hip, bruising, but not penetrating or breaking. He had good news for me.

That very afternoon, a party of wounded officers had passed through Harrisburg, going East. He had conversed in the bar-room of this hotel with one of them, who was wounded about the shoulder (it might be the lower part of the neck), and had his arm in a sling. He belonged to the Twentieth Massachusetts; the Lieutenant saw that he was a captain, by the two bars on his shoulder-strap. His name was my family-

name ; he was tall and youthful, like my Captain. At four o'clock he left in the train for Philadelphia. Closely questioned, the Lieutenant's evidence was as round, complete, and lucid as a Japanese sphere of rock-crystal.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS! The Lord's name be praised! The dead pain in the semilunar ganglion (which I must remind my reader is a kind of stupid, unreasoning brain, beneath the pit of the stomach, common to man and beast, which aches in the supreme moments of life, as when the dam loses her young ones, or the wild horse is lassoed) stopped short. There was a feeling as if I had slipped off a tight boot, or cut a strangling garter,—only it was all over my system. What more could I ask to assure me of the Captain's safety? As soon as the telegraph office opens to-morrow morning we will send a message to our friends in Philadelphia, and get a reply, doubtless, which will settle the whole matter.

The hopeful morrow dawned at last, and the message was sent accordingly. In due time, the following reply was received :—

“ Phil Sept 24 I think the report you have heard that W [the Captain] has gone East must be an error we have not seen or heard of him here M L H ”

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI!¹ He *could* not have passed through Philadelphia without visiting the house called Beautiful, where he had been so tenderly cared for after his wound at Ball's Bluff, and where those whom he loved were lying in grave peril of life

¹ The opening words of the Latin version of Psalm 130, “Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee.”

or limb. Yet he *did* pass through Harrisburg, going East, going to Philadelphia, on his way home. Ah, this is it! He must have taken the late night-train from Philadelphia for New York, in his impatience to reach home. There is such a train, not down in the guide-book, but we were assured of the fact at the Harrisburg depot. By and by came the reply from Dr. Wilson's telegraphic message: nothing had been heard of the Captain at Chambersburg. Still later, another message came from our Philadelphia friend, saying that he was seen on *Friday* last at the house of Mrs. K——, a well-known Union lady in Hagerstown. Now this could not be true, for he did not leave Keedysville until *Saturday*; but the name of the lady furnished a clew by which we could probably track him. A telegram was at once sent to Mrs. K——, asking information. It was transmitted immediately, but when the answer would be received was uncertain, as the Government almost monopolized the line. I was, on the whole, so well satisfied that the Captain had gone East, that, unless something were heard to the contrary, I proposed following him in the late train leaving a little after midnight for Philadelphia.

This same morning we visited several of the temporary hospitals, churches and schoolhouses, where the wounded were lying. In one of these, after looking round as usual, I asked aloud, "Any Massachusetts men here?" Two bright faces lifted themselves from their pillows and welcomed me by name. The one nearest me was private John B. Noyes of Company B, Massachusetts Thirteenth, son of my old college class-tutor, now the reverend and learned Professor of Hebrew, etc., in Harvard University. His neighbor

was Corporal Armstrong of the same Company. Both were slightly wounded, doing well. I learned then and since from Mr. Noyes that they and their comrades were completely overwhelmed by the attentions of the good people of Harrisburg, — that the ladies brought them fruits and flowers, and smiles, better than either, — and that the little boys of the place were almost fighting for the privilege of doing their errands. I am afraid there will be a good many hearts pierced in this war that will have no bullet-mark to show.

There were some heavy hours to get rid of, and we thought a visit to Camp Curtin might lighten some of them. A rickety wagon carried us to the camp, in company with a young woman from Troy, who had a basket of good things with her for a sick brother. "Poor boy! he will be sure to die," she said. The rustic sentries uncrossed their muskets and let us in. The camp was on a fair plain, girdled with hills, spacious, well kept apparently, but did not present any peculiar attraction for us. The visit would have been a dull one, had we not happened to get sight of a singular-looking set of human beings in the distance. They were clad in stuff of different hues, gray and brown being the leading shades, but both subdued by a neutral tint, such as is wont to harmonize the variegated apparel of travel-stained vagabonds. They looked slouchy, listless, torpid, — an ill-conditioned crew, at first sight, made up of such fellows as an old woman would drive away from her hen-roost with a broomstick. Yet these were estrays from the fiery army which has given our generals so much trouble, — "Secesh prisoners," as a bystander told us. A talk with them might be profitable and entertaining. But

they were tabooed to the common visitor, and it was necessary to get inside of the line which separated us from them.

A solid, square captain was standing near by, to whom we were referred. Look a man calmly through the very centre of his pupils and ask him for anything with a tone implying entire conviction that he will grant it, and he will very commonly consent to the thing asked, were it to commit *hari-kari*.¹ The Captain acceded to my postulate, and accepted my friend as a corollary. As one string of my own ancestors was of Batavian origin, I may be permitted to say that my new friend was of the Dutch type, like the Amsterdam galiots, broad in the beam, capacious in the hold, and calculated to carry a heavy cargo rather than to make fast time. He must have been in politics at some time or other, for he made orations to all the "Secesh," in which he explained to them that the United States considered and treated them like children, and enforced upon them the ridiculous impossibility of the Rebels' attempting to do anything against such a power as that of the National Government.

Much as his discourse edified them and enlightened me, it interfered somewhat with my little plans of entering into frank and friendly talk with some of these poor fellows, for whom I could not help feeling a kind of human sympathy, though I am as venomous a hater of the Rebellion as one is like to find under the stars and stripes. It is fair to take a man prisoner. It is fair to make speeches to a man. But to take a man prisoner and then make speeches to him while in *durance* is *not* fair.

¹ A Japanese phrase meaning literally "happy dispatch," and expressing the custom by which a condemned person becomes his own executioner.

I began a few pleasant conversations, which would have come to something but for the reason assigned.

One old fellow had a long beard, a drooping eyelid, and a black clay pipe in his mouth. He was a Scotchman from Ayr, *dour* enough, and little disposed to be communicative, though I tried him with the "Twa Briggs," and, like all Scotchmen, he was a reader of "Burns." He professed to feel no interest in the cause for which he was fighting, and was in the army, I judged, only from compulsion. There was a wild-haired, unsoaped boy, with pretty, foolish features enough, who looked as if he might be about seventeen, as he said he was. I give my questions and his answers literally.

"What State do you come from?"

"Georgy."

"What part of Georgia?"

"Midway."

— [How odd that is! My father was settled for seven years as pastor over the church at Midway, Georgia, and this youth is very probably a grandson or great-grandson of one of his parishioners.] —

"Where did you go to church when you were at home?"

"Never went inside 'f a church b't once in m' life."

"What did you do before you became a soldier?"

"Nothin'."

"What do you mean to do when you get back?"

"Nothin'."

Who could have any other feeling than pity for this poor human weed, this dwarfed and etiolated soul, doomed by neglect to an existence but one degree above that of the idiot?

With the group was a lieutenant, buttoned close in

his gray coat, — one button gone, perhaps to make a breastpin for some fair traitorous bosom. A short, stocky man, undistinguishable from one of the "subject race" by any obvious meanderings of the *sangre azul*¹ on his exposed surfaces. He did not say much, possibly because he was convinced by the statements and arguments of the Dutch captain. He had on strong, iron-heeled shoes, of English make, which he said cost him seventeen dollars in Richmond.

I put the question, in a quiet, friendly way, to several of the prisoners, what they were fighting for. One answered, "For our homes." Two or three others said they did not know, and manifested great indifference to the whole matter; at which another of their number, a sturdy fellow, took offence, and muttered opinions strongly derogatory to those who would not stand up for the cause they had been fighting for. A feeble, attenuated old man, who wore the Rebel uniform, if such it could be called, stood by without showing any sign of intelligence. It was cutting very close to the bone to carve such a shred of humanity from the body politic to make a soldier of.

We were just leaving, when a face attracted me, and I stopped the party. "That is the true Southern type," I said to my companion. A young fellow, a little over twenty, rather tall, slight, with a perfectly smooth, boyish cheek, delicate, somewhat high features, and a fine, almost feminine mouth, stood at the opening of his tent, and as we turned towards him fidgeted a little nervously with one hand at the loose canvas, while he seemed at the same time not unwilling to talk. He was from Mississippi, he said, had been at Georgetown College, and was so far imbued

¹ Blue blood.

with letters that even the name of the literary humility before him was not new to his ears. Of course I found it easy to come into magnetic relation with him, and to ask him without incivility what *he* was fighting for. "Because I like the excitement of it," he answered. I know those fighters with women's mouths and boys' cheeks. One such from the circle of my own friends, sixteen years old, slipped away from his nursery, and dashed in under an assumed name among the red-legged Zouaves, in whose company he got an ornamental bullet-mark in one of the earliest conflicts of the war.

"Did you ever see a genuine Yankee?" said my Philadelphia friend to the young Mississippian.

"I have shot at a good many of them," he replied, modestly, his woman's mouth stirring a little, with a pleasant, dangerous smile.

The Dutch captain here put his foot into the conversation, as his ancestors used to put theirs into the scale when they were buying furs of the Indians by weight, — so much for the weight of a hand, so much for the weight of a foot. It deranged the balance of our intercourse; there was no use in throwing a fly where a paving-stone had just splashed into the water, and I nodded a goodbye to the boy-fighter, thinking how much pleasanter it was for my friend the Captain to address him with unanswerable arguments and crushing statements in his own tent than it would be to meet him upon some remote picket station and offer his fair proportions to the quick eye of a youngster who would draw a bead on him before he had time to say *dunder and blixum*.

We drove back to the town. No message. After dinner still no message. Dr. Cuyler, Chief Army

Hospital Inspector, is in town, they say. Let us hunt him up, — perhaps he can help us.

We found him at the Jones House. A gentleman of large proportions, but of lively temperament, his frame knit in the North, I think, but ripened in Georgia, incisive, prompt but good-humored, wearing his broad-brimmed, steeple-crowned felt hat with the least possible tilt on one side, — a sure sign of exuberant vitality in a mature and dignified person like him, — business-like in his ways, and not to be interrupted while occupied with another, but giving himself up heartily to the claimant who held him for the time. He was so genial, so cordial, so encouraging, that it seemed as if the clouds, which had been thick all the morning, broke away as we came into his presence, and the sunshine of his large nature filled the air all around us. He took the matter in hand at once, as if it were his own private affair. In ten minutes he had a second telegraphic message on its way to Mrs. K—— at Hagerstown, sent through the Government channel from the State Capitol, — one so direct and urgent that I should be sure of an answer to it, whatever became of the one I had sent in the morning.

While this was going on, we hired a dilapidated barouche, driven by an odd young native, neither boy nor man, "as a codling when 't is almost an apple," who said *wery* for very, simple and sincere, who smiled faintly at our pleasantries, always with a certain reserve of suspicion, and a gleam of the shrewdness that all men get who live in the atmosphere of horses. He drove us round by the Capitol grounds, white with tents, which were disgraced in my eyes by unsoldierly scrawls in huge letters, thus: THE SEVEN BLOOMSBURY BROTHERS, DEVIL'S HOLE, and similar inscrip-

tions. Then to the Beacon Street of Harrisburg, which looks upon the Susquehanna instead of the common, and shows a long front of handsome houses with fair gardens. The river is pretty nearly a mile across here, but very shallow now. The codling told us that a Rebel spy had been caught trying its fords a little while ago, and was now at Camp Curtin with a heavy ball chained to his leg, — a popular story, but a lie, Dr. Wilson said. A little further along we came to the barkless stump of the tree to which Mr. Harris, the Cecrops of the city named after him, was tied by the Indians for some unpleasant operation of scalping or roasting, when he was rescued by friendly savages, who paddled across the stream to save him. Our youngling pointed out a very respectable-looking stone house as having been "built by the Indians" about those times. Guides have queer notions occasionally.

I was at Niagara just when Dr. Rae arrived there with his companions and dogs and things from his Arctic search after the lost navigator.

"Who are those?" I said to my conductor.

"Them?" he answered. "Them's the men that's been out West, out to Michig'n, aft' *Sir Ben Franklin*."

Of the other sights of Harrisburg the Brant House or Hotel, or whatever it is called, seems most worth notice. Its façade is imposing, with a row of stately columns, high above which a broad sign impends, like a crag over the brow of a lofty precipice. The lower floor only appeared to be open to the public. Its tessellated pavement and ample courts suggested the idea of a temple where great multitudes might kneel uncrowded at their devotions; but from appearances

about the place where the altar should be, I judged, that, if one asked the officiating priest for the cup which cheers and likewise inebriates, his prayer would not be unanswered. The edifice recalled to me a similar phenomenon I had once looked upon, — the famous Caffè Pedrocchi at Padua. It was the same thing in Italy and America: a rich man builds himself a mausoleum, and calls it a place of entertainment. The fragrance of innumerable libations and the smoke of incense-breathing cigars and pipes shall ascend day and night through the arches of his funereal monument. What are the poor dips which flare and flicker on the crowns of spikes that stand at the corners of St. Genevieve's filigree-cased sarcophagus to this perpetual offering of sacrifice?

Ten o'clock in the evening was approaching. The telegraph office would presently close, and as yet there were no tidings from Hagerstown. Let us step over and see for ourselves. A message! A message!

"Captain H. still here leaves seven to-morrow for Harrisburg Penna Is doing well

Mrs H K——."

A note from Dr. Cuyler to the same effect came soon afterwards to the hotel.

We shall sleep well to-night; but let us sit awhile with nubiferous, or, if we may coin a word, nepheligenous accompaniment, such as shall gently narcotize the over-wearied brain and fold its convolutions for slumber like the leaves of a lily at nightfall. For now the over-tense nerves are all unstraining themselves, and a buzz, like that which comes over one who stops after being long jolted upon an uneasy pavement,

makes the whole frame alive with a luxurious languid sense of all its inmost fibres. Our cheerfulness ran over, and the mild, pensive clerk was so magnetized by it that he came and sat down with us. He presently confided to me, with infinite naïveté and ingenuousness, that, judging from my personal appearance, he should not have thought me the writer that he in his generosity reckoned me to be. His conception, so far as I could reach it, involved a huge, uplifted forehead, embossed with protuberant organs of the intellectual faculties, such as all writers are supposed to possess in abounding measure. While I fell short of his ideal in this respect, he was pleased to say that he found me by no means the remote and inaccessible personage he had imagined, and that I had nothing of the dandy about me, which last compliment I had a modest consciousness of most abundantly deserving.

Sweet slumbers brought us to the morning of Thursday. The train from Hagerstown was due at 11.15 A. M. We took another ride behind the codling, who showed us the sights of yesterday over again. Being in a gracious mood of mind, I enlarged on the varying aspects of the town-pumps and other striking objects which we had once inspected, as seen by the different lights of evening and morning. After this, we visited the schoolhouse hospital. A fine young fellow, whose arm had been shattered, was just falling into the spasms of lock-jaw. The beads of sweat stood large and round on his flushed and contracted features. He was under the effect of opiates, — why not (if his case was desperate, as it seemed to be considered) stop his sufferings with chloroform? It was suggested that it might *shorten life*. “What then?” I said. “Are a dozen additional spasms worth living for?”

The time approached for the train to arrive from Hagerstown, and we went to the station. I was struck, while waiting there, with what seemed to me a great want of care for the safety of the people standing round. Just after my companion and myself had stepped off the track, I noticed a car coming quietly along at a walk, as one may say, without engine, without visible conductor, without any person heralding its approach, so silently, so insidiously, that I could not help thinking how very near it came to flattening out me and my match-box worse than the Ravel pantomimist and his snuff-box were flattened out in the play. The train was late, — fifteen minutes, half an hour late, — and I began to get nervous, lest something had happened. While I was looking for it, out started a freight-train, as if on purpose to meet the cars I was expecting, for a grand smash-up. I shivered at the thought, and asked an employé of the road, with whom I had formed an acquaintance a few minutes old, why there should not be a collision of the expected train with this which was just going out. He smiled an official smile, and answered that they arranged to prevent that, or words to that effect.

Twenty-four hours had not passed from that moment when a collision *did* occur, just out of the city, where I feared it, by which at least eleven persons were killed, and from forty to sixty more were maimed and crippled !

To-day there was the delay spoken of, but nothing worse. The expected train came in so quietly that I was almost startled to see it on the track. Let us walk calmly through the cars, and look around us.

In the first car, on the fourth seat to the right, I saw my Captain ; there saw I him, even my first-born, whom I had sought through many cities.

"How are you, Boy?"

"How are you, Dad?"

Such are the proprieties of life, as they are observed among us Anglo-Saxons of the nineteenth century, decently disguising those natural impulses that made Joseph, the prime minister of Egypt, weep aloud so that the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard, — nay, which had once overcome his shaggy old uncle Esau so entirely that he fell on his brother's neck and cried like a baby in the presence of all the women. But the hidden cisterns of the soul may be filling fast with sweet tears, while the windows through which it looks are undimmed by a drop or a film of moisture.

These are times in which we cannot live solely for selfish joys or griefs. I had not let fall the hand I held, when a sad, calm voice addressed me by name. I fear that at the moment I was too much absorbed in my own feelings; for certainly at any other time I should have yielded myself without stint to the sympathy which this meeting might well call forth.

"You remember my son, Cortland Saunders, whom I brought to see you once in Boston?"

"I do remember him well."

"He was killed on Monday, at Shepherdstown. I am carrying his body back with me on this train. He was my only child. If you could come to my house, — I can hardly call it my home now, — it would be a pleasure to me."

This young man, belonging in Philadelphia, was the author of a *New System of Latin Paradigms*, a work showing extraordinary scholarship and capacity. It was this book which first made me acquainted with him, and I kept him in my memory, for there

was genius in the youth. Some time afterwards he came to me with a modest request to be introduced to President Felton, and one or two others, who would aid him in a course of independent study he was proposing to himself. I was most happy to smooth the way for him, and he came repeatedly after this to see me and express his satisfaction in the opportunities for study he enjoyed at Cambridge. He was a dark, still, slender person, always with a trance-like remoteness, a mystic dreaminess of manner, such as I never saw in any other youth. Whether he heard with difficulty, or whether his mind reacted slowly on an alien thought, I could not say ; but his answer would often be behind time, and then a vague, sweet smile, or a few words spoken under his breath, as if he had been trained in sick men's chambers. For such a young man, seemingly destined for the inner life of contemplation, to be a soldier seemed almost unnatural. Yet he spoke to me of his intention to offer himself to his country, and his blood must now be reckoned among the precious sacrifices which will make her soil sacred forever. Had he lived, I doubt not that he would have redeemed the rare promise of his earlier years. He has done better, for he has died that unborn generations may attain the hopes held out to our nation and to mankind.

So, then, I had been within ten miles of the place where my wounded soldier was lying, and then calmly turned my back upon him to come once more round by a journey of three or four hundred miles to the same region I had left ! No mysterious attraction warned me that the heart warm with the same blood as mine was throbbing so near my own. I thought of that lovely, tender passage where Gabriel glides un-

consciously by Evangeline upon the great river. Ah me! if that railroad crash had been a few hours earlier, we two should never have met again, after coming so close to each other!

The source of my repeated disappointments was soon made clear enough. The Captain had gone to Hagerstown, intending to take the cars at once for Philadelphia, as his three friends actually did, and as I took it for granted he certainly would. But as he walked languidly along, some ladies saw him across the street, and seeing, were moved with pity, and pitying, spoke such soft words that he was tempted to accept their invitation and rest awhile beneath their hospitable roof. The mansion was old, as the dwellings of gentlefolks should be; the ladies were some of them young, and all were full of kindness; there were gentle cares, and unmasked luxuries, and pleasant talk, and music-sprinklings from the piano, with a sweet voice to keep them company, — and all this after the swamps of the Chickahominy, the mud and flies of Harrison's Landing, the dragging marches, the desperate battles, the fretting wound, the jolting ambulance, the log-house, and the rickety milk-cart! Thanks, uncounted thanks to the angelic ladies whose charming attentions detained him from Saturday to Thursday, to his great advantage and my infinite bewilderment! As for his wound, how could it do otherwise than well under such hands? The bullet had gone smoothly through, dodging everything but a few nervous branches, which would come right in time and leave him as well as ever.

At ten that evening we were in Philadelphia, the Captain at the house of the friends so often referred to, and I the guest of Charley, my kind companion.

The Quaker element gives an irresistible attraction to these benignant Philadelphia households. Many things reminded me that I was no longer in the land of the Pilgrims. On the table were *Kool Slaa*¹ and *Schmeer Kase*, but the good grandmother who dispensed with such quiet, simple grace these and more familiar delicacies was literally ignorant of *Baked Beans*, and asked if it was the Lima bean which was employed in that marvellous dish of animalized leguminous farina!

Charley was pleased with my comparing the face of the small Ethiop known to his household as "Tines" to a huckleberry with features. He also approved my parallel between a certain German blonde young maiden whom we passed in the street and the "Morris White" peach. But he was so good-humored at times, that, if one scratched a lucifer, he accepted it as an illumination.

A day in Philadelphia left a very agreeable impression of the outside of that great city, which has endeared itself so much of late to all the country by its most noble and generous care of our soldiers. Measured by its sovereign hotel, the Continental, it would stand at the head of our economic civilization. It provides for the comforts and conveniences, and many of the elegances of life, more satisfactorily than any American city, perhaps than any other city anywhere. Many of its characteristics are accounted for to some extent by its geographical position. It is the great neutral centre of the Continent, where the fiery enthusiasms of the South and the keen fanaticisms of the North meet at their outer limits, and result in a compound which neither turns litmus red nor turmeric brown. It lives largely on its traditions, of which,

¹ More familiarly known as Cold Slaw.

leaving out Franklin and Independence Hall, the most imposing must be considered its famous water-works. In my younger days I visited Fairmount, and it was with a pious reverence that I renewed my pilgrimage to that perennial fountain. Its watery ventricles were throbbing with the same systole and diastole as when, the blood of twenty years bounding in my own heart, I looked upon their giant mechanism. But in the place of "Pratt's Garden" was an open park, and the old house where Robert Morris held his court in a former generation was changing to a public restaurant. A suspension bridge cobwebbed itself across the Schuylkill where that audacious arch used to leap the river at a single bound, — an arch of greater span, as they loved to tell us, than was ever before constructed. The Upper Ferry Bridge was to the Schuylkill what the Colossus was to the harbor of Rhodes. It had an air of dash about it which went far towards redeeming the dead level of respectable average which flattens the physiognomy of the rectangular city. Philadelphia will never be herself again until another Robert Mills and another Lewis Wernwag have shaped her a new palladium. She must leap the Schuylkill again, or old men will sadly shake their heads, like the Jews at the sight of the second temple, remembering the glories of that which it replaced.

There are times when Ethiopian minstrelsy can amuse, if it does not charm, a weary soul, and such a vacant hour there was on this same Friday evening. The "opera-house" was spacious and admirably ventilated. As I was listening to the merriment of the sooty buffoons, I happened to cast my eyes up to the ceiling, and through an open semicircular window a bright solitary star looked me calmly in the eyes. It

was a strange intrusion of the vast eternities beckoning from the infinite spaces. I called the attention of one of my neighbors to it, but "Bones" was irresistibly droll, and Arcturus, or Aldebaran, or whatever the blazing luminary may have been, with all his revolving worlds, sailed uncared-for down the firmament.

On Saturday morning we took up our line of march for New York. Mr. Felton, President of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, had already called upon me, with a benevolent and sagacious look on his face which implied that he knew how to do me a service and meant to do it. Sure enough, when we got to the depot, we found a couch spread for the Captain, and both of us were passed on to New York with no visits, but those of civility, from the conductor. The best thing I saw on the route was a *rustic fence*, near Elizabethtown, I think, but I am not quite sure. There was more genius in it than in any structure of the kind I have ever seen,—each length being of a special pattern, ramified, reticulated, contorted, as the limbs of the trees had grown. I trust some friend will photograph or stereograph this fence for me, to go with the view of the spires of Frederick, already referred to, as mementos of my journey.

I had come to feeling that I knew most of the respectably dressed people whom I met in the cars, and had been in contact with them at some time or other. Three or four ladies and gentlemen were near us, forming a group by themselves. Presently one addressed me by name, and, on inquiry, I found him to be the gentleman who was with me in the pulpit as Orator on the occasion of another Phi Beta Kappa poem, one delivered at New Haven.¹ The party were

¹ Dr. Holmes delivered his poem *Astræa* before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College in 1850.

very courteous and friendly, and contributed in various ways to our comfort.

It sometimes seems to me as if there were only about a thousand people in the world, who keep going round and round behind the scenes and then before them, like the "army" in a beggarly stage-show. Suppose that I should really wish, some time or other, to get away from this everlasting circle of revolving supernumeraries, where should I buy a ticket the like of which was not in some of their pockets, or find a seat to which some one of them was not a neighbor?

A little less than a year before, after the Ball's Bluff accident, the Captain, then the Lieutenant, and myself had reposed for a night on our homeward journey at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where we were lodged on the ground-floor, and fared sumptuously. We were not so peculiarly fortunate this time, the house being really very full. Farther from the flowers and nearer to the stars, — to reach the neighborhood of which last the *per ardua* of three or four flights of stairs was formidable for any mortal, wounded or well. The "vertical railway" settled that for us, however. It is a giant corkscrew forever pulling a mammoth cork, which, by some divine judgment, is no sooner drawn than it is replaced in its position. This ascending and descending stopper is hollow, carpeted, with cushioned seats, and is watched over by two condemned souls, called conductors, one of whom is said to be named Ixion, and the other Sisyphus.

I love New York, because, as in Paris, everybody that lives in it feels that it is his property, — at least, as much as it is anybody's. My Broadway, in particular, I love almost as I used to love my Boulevards. I went, therefore, with peculiar interest, on the day that

we rested at our grand hotel, to visit some new pleasure-grounds the citizens had been arranging for us, and which I had not yet seen. The Central Park is an expanse of wild country, well crumpled so as to form ridges which will give views and hollows that will hold water. The hips and elbows and other bones of Nature stick out here and there in the shape of rocks which give character to the scenery, and an unchangeable, unpurchasable look to a landscape that without them would have been in danger of being fattened by art and money out of all its native features. The roads were fine, the sheets of water beautiful, the bridges handsome, the swans elegant in their deportment, the grass green and as short as a fast horse's winter coat. I could not learn whether it was kept so by clipping or singeing. I was delighted with my new property, — but it cost me four dollars to get there, so far was it beyond the Pillars of Hercules of the fashionable quarter. What it will be by and by depends on circumstances ; but at present it is as much central to New York as Brookline is central to Boston. The question is not between Mr. Olmstead's admirably arranged but remote pleasure-ground and our Common, with its batrachian pool, but between his *Excentric* Park and our finest suburban scenery, between its artificial reservoirs and the broad natural sheet of Jamaica Pond. I say this not invidiously, but in justice to the beauties which surround our own metropolis. To compare the situations of any dwellings in either of the great cities with those which look upon the Common, the Public Garden, the waters of the Back Bay, would be to take an unfair advantage of Fifth Avenue and Walnut Street. St. Botolph's daughter dresses in plainer clothes than her more stately sisters,

but she wears an emerald on her right hand and a diamond on her left that Cybele herself need not be ashamed of.

On Monday morning, the twenty-ninth of September, we took the cars for *home*. Vacant lots, with Irish and pigs; vegetable-gardens; straggling houses; the high bridge; villages, not enchanting; then Stamford; then NORWALK. Here, on the sixth of May, 1853, I passed close on the heels of the great disaster. But that my lids were heavy on that morning, my readers would probably have had no further trouble with me. Two of my friends saw the car in which they rode break in the middle and leave them hanging over the abyss. From Norwalk to Boston, that day's journey of two hundred miles was a long funeral procession.

Bridgeport, waiting for Iranistan¹ to rise from its ashes with all its phœnix-egg domes, — bubbles of wealth that broke, ready to be blown again, iridescent as ever, which is pleasant, for the world likes cheerful Mr. Barnum's success; New Haven, girt with flat marshes that look like monstrous billiard-tables, with hay-cocks lying about for balls, — romantic with West Rock and its legends,² — cursed with a detestable depot,³ whose niggardly arrangements crowd the track so murderously close to the wall that the *peine forte et dure*⁴ must be the frequent penalty of an innocent walk on its platform, — with its neat carriages, metropolitan hotels, precious old college-dormitories, its

¹ The name of P. T. Barnum's house, lately burned. It took its name from the iron frame-work used in its construction.

² The reference is especially to the Regicide's cave.

³ A thing of the past.

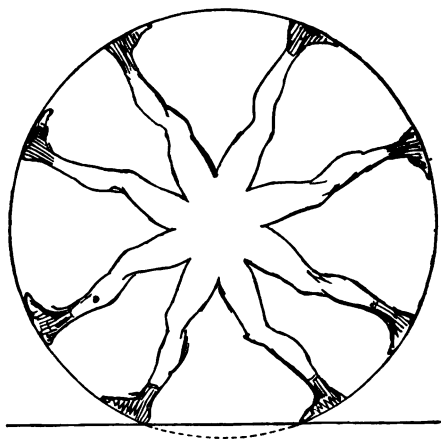
⁴ The extreme torture by crushing, which used to be applied to test the guilt of a person charged with crime.

vistas of elms and its dishevelled weeping-willows; Hartford, substantial, well-bridged, many-steepled city,—every conical spire an extinguisher of some nineteenth-century heresy; so onward, by and across the broad shallow Connecticut,—dull red road and dark river woven in like warp and woof by the shuttle of the darting engine; then Springfield, the wide-meadowed, well-feeding, horse-loving, hot-summered, giant-treed town,—city among villages, village among cities; Worcester, with its Dædalian labyrinth of crossing railroad-bars, where the snorting Minotaurs, breathing fire and smoke and hot vapors, are stabled in their dens; Framingham, fair cup-bearer, leaf-cinctured Hebe of the deep-bosomed Queen sitting by the seaside on the throne of the Six Nations.¹ And now I begin to know the road, not by towns, but by single dwellings; not by miles, but by rods. The poles of the great magnet that draws in all the iron tracks through the grooves of all the mountains must be near at hand, for here are crossings, and sudden stops, and screams of alarmed engines heard all around. The tall granite obelisk comes into view far away on the left, its bevelled cap-stone sharp against the sky; the lofty chimneys of Charlestown and East Cambridge flaunt their smoky banners up in the thin air; and now one fair bosom of the three-hilled city, with its dome-crowned summit, reveals itself, as when many-breasted Ephesian Artemis appeared with half-open *chlamys* before her worshippers.

Fling open the window-blinds of the chamber that looks out on the waters and towards the western sun! Let the joyous light shine in upon the pictures that

¹ Hard by Framingham is Lake Cochituate, at that time the sole source of Boston's water supply.

hang upon its walls and the shelves thick-set with the names of poets and philosophers and sacred teachers, in whose pages our boys learn that life is noble only when it is held cheap by the side of honor and of duty. Lay him in his own bed, and let him sleep off his aches and weariness. So comes down another night over this household, unbroken by any messenger of evil tidings, — a night of peaceful rest and grateful thoughts ; for this our son and brother was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found.



THE PHYSIOLOGY OF WALKING.¹

THE two accomplishments common to all mankind are walking and talking. Simple as they seem, they are yet acquired with vast labor, and very rarely understood in any clear way by those who practise them with perfect ease and unconscious skill.

Talking seems the hardest to comprehend. Yet it has been clearly explained and successfully imitated by artificial contrivances. We know that the moist membranous edges of a narrow crevice (the glottis) vibrate as the reed of a clarionet vibrates, and thus produce the human *bleat*. We narrow or widen or check or stop the flow of this sound by the lips, the tongue, the teeth, and thus *articulate*, or break into joints, the even current of sound. The sound varies with the degree and kind of interruption, as the "babble" of the

¹ This paper was originally contributed to *The Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1863, under the title, *The Human Wheel, its Spokes and Felloes*.

brook with the shape and size of its impediments, — pebbles, or rocks, or dams. To whisper is to articulate without *bleating*, or vocalizing; to *coo* as babies do is to bleat or vocalize without articulating. Machines are easily made that bleat not unlike human beings. A bit of India-rubber tube tied round a piece of glass tube is one of the simplest voice-uttering contrivances. To make a machine that *articulates* is not so easy; but we remember Maelzel's¹ wooden children, which said "Pa-pa" and "Ma-ma"; and more elaborate and successful speaking machines have, we believe, been since constructed.

But no man has been able to make a figure that can *walk*. Of all the automata imitating men or animals moving, there is not one in which the legs are the true sources of motion. So said the Webers² more than twenty years ago, and it is as true now as then. These authors, after a profound experimental and mathematical investigation of the mechanism of animal locomotion, recognize the fact that our knowledge is not yet so far advanced that we can hope to succeed in making real walking machines. But they conceive that the time may come hereafter when colossal figures will be constructed whose giant strides will not be arrested by the obstacles which are impassable to wheeled conveyances.

We wish to give our readers as clear an idea as possible of that wonderful art of balanced vertical progression which they have practised, as M. Jourdain³ talked prose, for so many years, without knowing what

¹ An ingenious mechanic who died at Vienna in 1855. He was also the inventor of the musical metronome called after him.

² *Traité de la Mécanique des Organes de la Locomotion*. Translated from the German in the *Encyclopédie Anatomique*. Paris, 1843.

³ A character in one of Molière's comedies.

a marvellous accomplishment they had mastered. We shall have to begin with a few simple anatomical data.

The foot is arched both longitudinally and transversely, so as to give it elasticity, and thus break the sudden shock when the weight of the body is thrown upon it. The ankle-joint is a loose hinge, and the great muscles of the calf can straighten the foot out so far that practised dancers walk on the tips of their toes. The knee is another hinge-joint, which allows the leg to bend freely, but not to be carried beyond a straight line in the other direction. Its further forward movement is checked by two very powerful cords in the interior of the joint which cross each other like the letter X, and are hence called the *crucial ligaments*. The upper ends of the thigh-bones are almost globes, which are received into the deep cup-like cavities of the haunch-bones. They are tied to these last so loosely, that, if their ligaments alone held them, they would be half out of their sockets in many positions of the lower limbs. But here comes in a simple and admirable contrivance. The smooth, rounded head of the thigh-bone, moist with glairy fluid, fits so perfectly into the smooth, rounded cavity which receives it, that it holds firmly by *suction*, or atmospheric pressure. It takes a hard pull to draw it out after all the ligaments are cut, and then it comes with a smack like a tight cork from a bottle. Holding in this way by the close apposition of two polished surfaces, the lower extremity swings freely forward and backward like a *pendulum*, if we give it a chance, as is shown by standing on a chair upon the other limb, and moving the pendent one out of the vertical line. The force with which it swings depends upon its weight, and this is much greater than we might at first

suppose ; for our limbs not only carry themselves, but our bodies also, with a sense of lightness rather than of weight, when we are in good condition. Accident sometimes makes us aware how heavy our limbs are. An officer, whose arm was shattered by a ball in one of our late battles, told us that the dead weight of the helpless member seemed to drag him down to the earth ; he could hardly carry it ; it " weighed a ton," to his feeling, as he said.

In *ordinary walking* a man's lower extremity swings essentially by its own weight, requiring little muscular effort to help it. So heavy a body easily overcomes all impediments from clothing, even in the sex least favored in its costume. But if a man's legs are pendulums, then a short man's legs will swing quicker than a tall man's, and he will take more steps to a minute, other things being equal. Thus there is a natural rhythm to a man's walk, depending on the length of his legs, which beat more or less rapidly as they are longer or shorter, like metronomes differently adjusted, or the pendulums of different timekeepers. Commodore Nutt is to M. Bihin¹ in this respect as a little, fast-ticking mantel-clock is to an old-fashioned, solemn-clicking, upright timepiece.

The mathematical formulæ in which the Messrs. Weber embody their results would hardly be instructive to most of our readers. The figures of their Atlas would serve our purpose better, had we not the means of coming nearer to the truth than even their careful studies enabled them to do. We have selected a number of instantaneous stereoscopic views of the streets and public places of Paris and of New York, each of them showing numerous walking figures,

¹ Names of a well-known dwarf and giant respectively.

among which some may be found in every stage of the complex act we are studying. Mr. Darley has had the kindness to leave his higher tasks to transfer several of these to our pages, so that the reader may be sure that he looks upon an exact copy of real human individuals in the act of walking.

The first subject is caught with his legs stretched in a stride, the remarkable length of which arrests our



Fig. 1.

attention. The sole of the right foot is almost vertical. By the action of the muscles of the calf it has *rolled off* from the ground like a portion of the tire of a wheel, the heel rising first, and thus the body, already advancing with all its acquired velocity, and inclined forward, has been pushed along, and, as it were, *tipped over*, so as to fall upon the other foot, now ready to receive its weight.

In the second figure, the right leg is bending at the

knee, so as to lift the foot from the ground, in order that it may swing forward.

The next stage of movement is shown in the *left* leg of Figure 3. This leg is seen suspended in air, a little beyond the middle of the arc through which it swings, and before it has straightened itself, which it will presently do, as shown in the next figure.

The foot has now swung forward, and tending to swing back again, the limb being straightened, and the



Fig. 2.

body tipped forward, the heel strikes the ground. The angle which the sole of the foot forms with the ground increases with the length of the stride; and as this last surprised us, so the extent of this angle astonishes us in many of the figures, in this among the rest.

The heel strikes the ground with great force, as the wear of our boots and shoes in that part shows us. But the projecting heel of the human foot is the arm of a lever, having the ankle-joint as its fulcrum, and,

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as it strikes the ground, brings the sole of the foot down flat upon it, as shown in Fig. 1. At the same time the weight of the limb and body is thrown upon the foot, by the joint effect of muscular action and acquired velocity, and the other foot is now ready to rise from the ground and repeat the process we have traced in its fellow.

No artist would have dared to draw a walking figure in attitudes like some of these. The swinging



Fig. 3.

limb is so much shortened that the toe never by any accident scrapes the ground, if this is tolerably even. In cases of partial paralysis, the scraping of the toe, as the patient walks, is one of the characteristic marks of imperfect muscular action.

Walking, then, is a perpetual falling with a perpetual self-recovery. It is a most complex, violent, and perilous operation, which we divest of its extreme danger only by continual practice from a very early pe-

riod of life. We find how complex it is when we attempt to analyze it, and we see that we never understood it thoroughly until the time of the instantaneous photograph. We learn how violent it is, when we walk against a post or a door in the dark. We discover how dangerous it is, when we slip or trip and come down, perhaps breaking or dislocating our limbs, or overlook the last step of a flight of stairs and discover with what headlong violence we have been hurling ourselves forward.



Fig. 4.

Two curious facts are easily proved. First, a man is shorter when he is walking than when at rest. We have found a very simple way of showing this by having a rod or yardstick placed horizontally, so as to touch the top of the head forcibly, as we stand under it. In walking rapidly beneath it, even if the eyes are shut, to avoid involuntary stooping, the top of the head will not even graze the rod. The other fact is,

that one side of a man always tends to outwalk the other side, so that no person can walk far in a straight line, if he is blindfolded.

The somewhat singular illustration at the head of our article carries out an idea which has only been partially alluded to by others. Man is a *wheel*, with two spokes, his legs, and two fragments of a tire, his feet. He *rolls* successively on each of these fragments from the heel to the toe. If he had spokes enough, he would go round and round, as the boys do when they "make a wheel" with their four limbs for its spokes. But having only two available for ordinary locomotion, each of these has to be taken up as soon as it has been used, and carried forward to be used again, and so alternately with the pair. The peculiarity of biped-walking is, that the centre of gravity is shifted from one leg to the other, and the one not employed can shorten itself so as to swing forward, passing by that which supports the body.

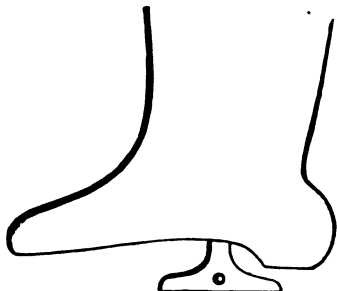
This is just what no automaton can do. Many of our readers have, however, seen a young lady in the shop-windows, or entertained her in their own nurseries, who professes to be this hitherto impossible walking automaton, and who calls herself by the Homeric-sounding epithet *Autoperipatetikos*.¹ The golden-booted legs of this young lady remind us of Miss Kilmansegg,² while the size of her feet assures us that she is not in any way related to Cinderella. On being wound up, as if she were a piece of machinery, and placed on a level surface, she proceeds

¹ A word constructed from Greek forms, and signifying one who walks of his own will.

² Thomas Hood wrote an amusing poem on *Miss Kilmansegg and her Golden Leg*.

to toddle off, taking very short steps, like a child, holding herself very stiff and straight, with a little lifting at each step, and all this with a mighty inward whirring and buzzing of the enginery which constitutes her muscular system.

An autopsy of one of her family who fell into our hands reveals the secret springs of her action. Wishing to spare her as a member of the defenceless sex, it pains us to say, that, ingenious as her counterfeit walking is, she is an impostor. Worse than this, — with all our reverence for her brazen crinoline, duty compels



us to reveal a fact concerning her which will shock the feelings of those who have watched the stately rigidity of decorum with which she moves in the presence of admiring multitudes. *She is a quadruped!* Inside of her great golden boots, which represent one pair of feet, is another smaller pair, which move freely through those hollow casings.

Four *cams* or eccentric wheels impart motion to her four supports, by which she is carried forward, always resting on two of them, — the boot of one side and the foot of the other. Her movement, then, is not walking; it is not skating, which it seems to resemble; it is

more like that of a person walking with two crutches besides his two legs. The machinery is simple enough : a strong spiral spring, three or four cog-wheels and pinions, a fly to regulate the motion, as in a musical box, and the cams before mentioned. As a toy, it or she is very taking to grown people as well as children. It is a literal fact that the police requested one of our dealers to remove Miss Autoperipatetikos from his window, because the crowd she drew obstructed the sidewalk.

It is said that a steam man is in process of construction at this time (January, 1883), who is to stride over the roughest roads dragging his burden after him. The answer to any doubt is *Solvitur Ambulando*.¹

¹ "The case is dismissed by walking."

GREAT TREES.

In *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, Dr. Holmes occasionally varies the conversational form by indulging in a more extended monologue. Such a little discourse is that which follows. The divinity student, the young fellow called John, and the landlady's daughter are among the interlocutors at the breakfast-table, and serve as convenient prompters to the autocrat.

— I WONDER how my great trees are coming on this summer.

— Where are your great trees, sir? — said the divinity-student.

Oh, all round about New England. I call all trees mine that I have put my wedding-ring on, and I have as many tree-wives as Brigham Young has human ones.

— One set's as green as the other, — exclaimed a boarder, who has never been identified.

They're all Bloomers, — said the young fellow called John.

[I should have rebuked this trifling with language, if our landlady's daughter had not asked me just then what I meant by putting my wedding-ring on a tree.]

Why, measuring it with my thirty-foot tape, my dear, — said I. — I have worn a tape almost out on the rough barks of our old New England elms and other big trees. — Don't you want to hear me talk trees a little now? That is one of my specialties.

[So they all agreed that they should like to hear me talk about trees.]

I want you to understand, in the first place, that I

have a most intense, passionate fondness for trees in general, and have had several romantic attachments to certain trees in particular. Now, if you expect me to hold forth in a "scientific" way about my tree-loves, — to talk, for instance, of the *Ulmus Americana*,¹ and describe the ciliated edges of its samara, and all that, — you are an anserine individual, and I must refer you to a dull friend who will discourse to you of such matters. What should you think of a lover who should describe the idol of his heart in the language of science, thus: Class, Mammalia; Order, Primates; Genus, Homo; Species, *Europeus*; Variety, Brown; Individual, Ann Eliza; Dental Formula,²

$$i \frac{2-2}{2-2} c \frac{1-1}{1-1} p \frac{2-2}{2-2} m \frac{3-3}{3-3}, \text{ and so on?}$$

No, my friends, I shall speak of trees as we see them, love them, adore them in the fields, where they are alive, holding their green sun-shades over our heads, talking to us with their hundred thousand whispering tongues, looking down on us with that sweet meekness which belongs to huge but limited organisms, — which one sees in the brown eyes of oxen, but most in the patient posture, the outstretched arms, and the heavy-drooping robes of these vast beings endowed with life, but not with soul, — which outgrow us and outlive us, but stand helpless, — poor things! — while Nature dresses and undresses them, like so many full-sized but under-witted children.

Did you ever read old Daddy Gilpin?³ Slowest of men, even of English men; yet delicious in his slow-

¹ American elm.

² A formula which sets forth the upper and longer incisors, cuspids, lesser molars, and molars.

³ Rev. William Gilpin, an English clergyman, 1724-1804.

ness, as is the light of a sleepy eye in woman. I always supposed "Dr. Syntax"¹ was written to make fun of him. I have a whole set of his works, and am very proud of it, with its gray paper, and open type, and long *ff*, and orange-juice landscapes. Père Gilpin had a kind of science I like in the study of Nature, — a little less observation than White of Selborne,² but a little more poetry. — Just think of applying the Linnæan system to an elm! Who cares how many stamens or pistils that little brown flower, which comes out before the leaf, may have to classify it by? What we want is the meaning, the character, the expression of a tree, as a kind and as an individual.

There is a mother-idea in each particular kind of tree, which, if well marked, is probably embodied in the poetry of every language. Take the oak, for instance, and we find it always standing as a type of strength and endurance. I wonder if you ever thought of a single mark of supremacy which distinguishes this tree from those around it? The others shirk the work of resisting gravity; the oak defies it. It chooses the horizontal direction for its limbs so that their whole weight may tell, — and then stretches them out fifty or sixty feet, so that the strain may be mighty enough to be worth resisting. You will find, that, in passing from the extreme downward droop of the branches of the weeping-willow to the extreme upward inclination of those of the poplar, they sweep nearly half a circle. At 90° the oak stops short; to slant upward another degree would mark infirmity of pur-

¹ A humorous work, *The Tour of Doctor Syntax in search of the Picturesque*, by William Coombe.

² Gilbert White, an English clergyman, who wrote a famous book, *The Natural History of Selborne*, describing the fauna and flora of a single English neighborhood.

pose; to bend downwards, weakness of organization. The American elm betrays something of both; yet sometimes, as we shall see, puts on a certain resemblance to its sturdier neighbor.

It won't do to be exclusive in our taste about trees. There is hardly one of them which has not peculiar beauties in some fitting place for it. I remember a tall poplar of monumental proportions and aspect, a vast pillar of glossy green, placed on the summit of a lofty hill, and a beacon to all the country round. A native of that region saw fit to build his house very near it, and, having a fancy that it might blow down some time or another, and exterminate himself and any incidental relatives who might be "stopping" or "tarrying" with him, — also laboring under the delusion that human life is under all circumstances to be preferred to vegetable existence, — had the great poplar cut down. It is so easy to say, "It is only a poplar," and so much harder to replace its living cone than to build a granite obelisk!

I must tell you about some of my tree-wives. I was at one period of my life much devoted to the young lady-population of Rhode Island, a small but delightful State in the neighborhood of Pawtucket. The number of inhabitants being not very large, I had leisure, during my visits to the Providence Plantations, to inspect the face of the country in the intervals of more fascinating studies of physiognomy. I heard some talk of a great elm a short distance from the locality just mentioned. "Let us see the great elm," — I said, and proceeded to find it, — knowing that it was on a certain farm in a place called Johnson, if I remember rightly. I shall never forget my ride and my introduction to the great Johnson elm.

I always tremble for a celebrated tree when I approach it for the first time. Provincialism has no *scale* of excellence in man or vegetable; it never knows a first-rate article of either kind when it has it, and is constantly taking second and third rate ones for Nature's best. I have often fancied the tree was afraid of me, and that a sort of shiver came over it as over a betrothed maiden when she first stands before the unknown to whom she has been plighted. Before the measuring tape the proudest tree of them all quails and shrinks into itself. All those stories of four or five men stretching their arms around it and not touching each other's fingers, of one's pacing the shadow at noon and making it so many hundred feet, die upon its leafy lips in the presence of the awful ribbon which has strangled so many false pretensions.

As I rode along the pleasant way, watching eagerly for the object of my journey, the rounded tops of the elms rose from time to time at the roadside. Whenever one looked taller and fuller than the rest, I asked myself, "Is this it?" But as I drew nearer, they grew smaller, or it proved, perhaps, that two standing in a line had looked like one, and so deceived me. At last, all at once, when I was not thinking of it, — I declare to you it makes my flesh creep when I think of it now, — all at once I saw a great green cloud swelling in the horizon, so vast, so symmetrical, of such Olympian majesty and imperial supremacy among the lesser forest-growths, that my heart stopped short, then jumped at my ribs as a hunter springs at a five-barred gate, and I felt all through me, without need of uttering the words, "This is it!"

You will find this tree described, with many others, in the excellent *Report upon the Trees and Shrubs of*

Massachusetts. The author¹ has given my friend the Professor credit for some of his measurements, but measured this tree himself carefully. It is a grand elm for size of trunk, spread of limbs, and muscular development, — one of the first, perhaps the first, of the first class of New England elms.

The largest actual girth I have ever found at five feet from the ground is in the great elm lying a stone's throw or two north of the main road (if my points of compass are right) in Springfield. But this has much the appearance of having been formed by the union of two trunks growing side by side.

The West-Springfield elm and one upon Northampton meadows belong also to the first class of trees.

There is a noble old wreck of an elm at Hatfield, which used to spread its claws out over a circumference of thirty-five feet or more before they covered the foot of its bole up with earth. This is the American elm most like an oak of any I have ever seen.

The Sheffield elm is equally remarkable for size and perfection of form. I have seen nothing that comes near it in Berkshire County, and few to compare with it anywhere. I am not sure that I remember any other first-class elms in New England, but there may be many.

— What makes a first-class elm? — Why, size, in the first place, and chiefly. Anything over twenty feet of clear girth, five feet above the ground, and with a spread of branches a hundred feet across, may claim that title, according to my scale. All of them, with the questionable exception of the Springfield

¹ The late George Barrell Emerson.

tree above referred to, stop, so far as my experience goes, at about twenty-two or twenty-three feet of girth and a hundred and twenty of spread.

Elms of the second class, generally ranging from fourteen to eighteen feet, are comparatively common. The queen of them all is that glorious tree near one of the churches in Springfield. Beautiful and stately she is beyond all praise. The "great tree" on Boston Common¹ comes in the second rank, as does the one at Cohasset, which used to have, and probably has still, a head as round as an apple-tree, and that at Newburyport, with scores of others which might be mentioned. These last two have perhaps been over-celebrated. Both, however, are pleasing vegetables. The poor old Pittsfield elm lives on its past reputation. A wig of false leaves is indispensable to make it presentable.

[I don't doubt there may be some monster-elm or other, vegetating green, but inglorious, in some remote New England village, which only wants a sacred singer to make it celebrated. Send us your measurements, — (certified by the postmaster, to avoid possible imposition), — circumference five feet from soil, length of line from bough-end to bough-end, and we will see what can be done for you.]

— I wish somebody would get us up the following work:—

"SYLVA NOVANGLICA.

Photographs of New England Elms and other Trees, taken upon the Same Scale of Magnitude. With Letter-Press Descriptions, by a distinguished Literary Gentleman. Boston: — — & Co. 185—."

The same camera should be used, as far as possible, at a fixed distance. Our friend, who has given us

¹ The great elm was destroyed in a gale in the winter of 1876.

so many interesting figures in his *Trees of America*, must not think this Prospectus invades his province; a dozen portraits, with lively descriptions, would be a pretty complement to his large work, which, so far as published, I find excellent. If my plan were carried out, and another series of a dozen English trees photographed on the same scale, the comparison would be charming.

It has always been a favorite idea of mine to bring the life of the Old and the New World face to face, by an accurate comparison of their various types of organization. We should begin with man, of course; institute a large and exact comparison between the development of *la pianta umana*,¹ as Alfieri called it, in different sections of each country, in the different callings, at different ages, estimating height, weight, force by the dynamometer and the spirometer, and finishing off with a series of typical photographs, giving the principal national physiognomies. Mr. Hutchinson has given us some excellent English data to begin with.

Then I would follow this up by contrasting the various parallel forms of life in the two continents. Our naturalists have often referred to this incidentally or expressly; but the *animus* of Nature in the two half globes of the planet is so momentous a point of interest to our race, that it should be made a subject of express and elaborate study. Go out with me into that walk which we call "the Mall,"² and look at the English and American elms. The American elm is tall, graceful, slender-sprayed, and drooping as if from languor. The English elm is compact, robust, holds its branches up, and carries its leaves for weeks longer than our own native tree.

¹ The human tree.

² On Boston Common.

Is this typical of the creative force on the two sides of the ocean, or not? Nothing but a careful comparison through the whole realm of life can answer this question.

There is a parallelism without identity in the animal and vegetable life of the two continents, which favors the task of comparison in an extraordinary manner. Just as we have two trees alike in many ways, yet not the same, both elms, yet easily distinguishable, just so we have a complete flora and a fauna, which, parting from the same ideal, embody it with various modifications. Inventive power is the only quality of which the Creative Intelligence seems to be economical; just as with our largest human minds, that is the divinest of faculties, and the one that most exhausts the mind which exercises it. As the same patterns have very commonly been followed, we can see which is worked out in the largest spirit, and determine the exact limitations under which the Creator places the movement of life in all its manifestations in either locality. We should find ourselves in a very false position if it should prove that Anglo-Saxons can't live here, but die out, if not kept up by fresh supplies, as Dr. Knox and other more or less wise persons have maintained. It may turn out the other way, as I have heard one of our literary celebrities argue, — and though I took the other side, I liked his best, — that the American is the Englishman reinforced.

— Will you walk out and look at those elms with me after breakfast? — I said to the schoolmistress.

[I am not going to tell lies about it, and say that she blushed, — as I suppose she ought to have done, at such a tremendous piece of gallantry as that was for our boarding-house. On the contrary, she turned

a little pale, but smiled brightly and said, — Yes, with pleasure, but she must walk towards her school. — She went for her bonnet. The old gentleman opposite followed her with his eyes, and said he wished he was a young fellow. Presently she came down, looking very pretty in her half-mourning bonnet, and carrying a schoolbook in her hand.]

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